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In Memoriam

Merritt Bulburd





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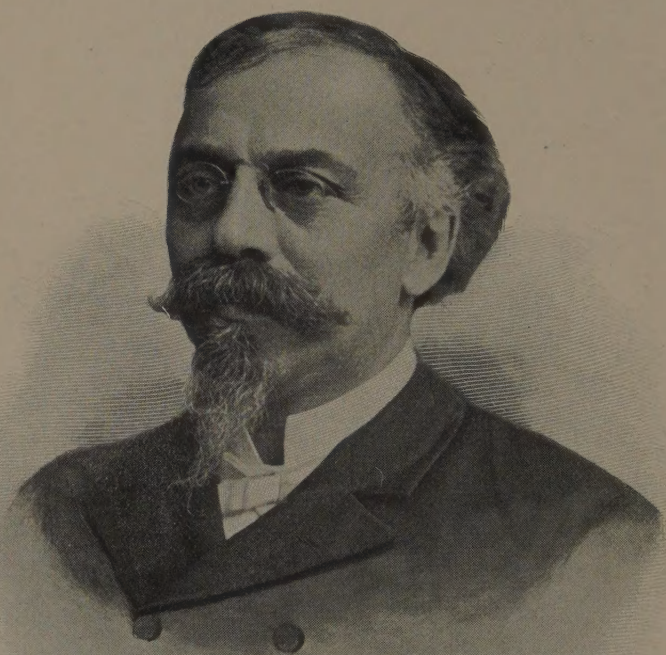














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## In Memoriam

# Merritt Hulburd

Born October 15th, 1842

Died October 10th, 1896

"They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

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New York  
Eaton & Mains Press  
1896

## Biographical Sketch

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IN 1842 there lived in Monkton, Vt., a Methodist preacher and his wife; the man rugged and strong in body and mind, a devoted and conscientious Christian minister; the wife a woman of deepest piety and strongest faith, full of good works. Into such a home was Merritt Hulburt born on October 15, 1842, and the example set him in his home life and the instructions received from such parents became the foundation for the sturdy faith and fearlessness which characterized him in his after life. His father was David Porter Hulburt, afterward Presiding Elder on the Burlington and also Plattsburg Districts of the Troy Conference. At the call of the Church the family moved subsequently to Hinesburg, Starksboro, and Vergennes, and it was near the last named that the family homestead of his mother was situated, and where much of his boyhood was spent. In after years the writer saw cut deep in schoolboy fashion in the desk of the old schoolhouse near by the letters "M. H.," and realized that at that very desk in years gone by there had studied the boy who had now become a man, and whose life had been so great a credit to the early training of those other days.

When his father had entered upon the term as elder of the Burlington District the son was sent to Troy Conference Academy to prepare for his lifework; later, his parents removing to Plattsburg, he attended Fort Edward Institute, and from there started out into the work and service of the Master. At the age of eighteen he was stationed at Shushan, N. Y., and while serving his second year there married Cornelia McEchron, then living at Fort Edward; and so these two, young and inexperienced as they were, started out hand in hand to work in the chosen field "in His name."

After serving Shushan he entered upon the pastorate of the church at Sandy Hill, and it was here that the daughter was born; then followed successively Vail Avenue and Congress Street, Troy, and Hudson Avenue, Albany. It was while serving Hudson Avenue that the son was born into the home; a year later, by the advice of physicians and through the kindness of the people of Albany, he spent four months in Europe, gathering material for a delightful course of lectures which he afterward delivered in different places.

In 1873 he accepted a call to Trinity, Springfield, where he served for three years; it was during his pastorate at Trinity that he passed through a most dan-

gerous illness, extending over a period of six months, through all of which he was encouraged and sustained by the careful nursing of his wife and the considerate and generous treatment on the part of the people of the church.

Then followed State Street, in the same city, First Church, Lowell, and Saint Paul, Minn., whither he went for recuperation and health, returning after a year to become pastor of the church in Burlington, Vt., where, with renewed strength and devotion, he ministered for three years. In the spring of 1883, his term at Burlington being completed, he preached for a few months in Bennington, leaving there in September for Washington Square, New York, where he labored successfully for three years, going from that field in 1886 to Trinity Church, One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, New York; while there the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology was conferred upon him by the New York University, in addition to the degrees with which he had been honored in earlier life by Wesleyan and Vermont Universities.

In 1889 Dr. Hulburd received a call from Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia, and entered upon its pastorate in the spring of that year; the tender and loving tributes which have been paid to his memory by the people of Spring Garden Street will be sufficient to indicate the relations which existed between pastor and people for the five years he was with them. It was in April, 1894, that he entered upon what was to be his last pastorate, or, as he would have it, *ministry*, with Grace Church, Wilmington. Looking back upon his work and service with that people, it seems as though he realized the brevity of life, the approaching end, and that he must do his work "while it is called to-day," for the night was coming; he seemed to put forth in every direction all his energies for the advancement of every good word and work. Never was an appeal made upon him for a service that he did not respond; hardly a church of the denomination upon the peninsula to which he had not given of his time and thought, and the expression of the appreciation of the Conference was voiced in his election at the head of the delegation to the General Conference of 1896—an honor which was a source of great gratification to him, and which he appreciated from the bottom of his great heart.

His was a forceful character; possessed of a gracious manner, he never failed to win men, and while he was fearless in expression of his opinion he made no enemies. To few men has it been given to win so widely the love and respect of those with whom he came in contact; the grasp of his hand, the earnestness and sincerity evidenced by his manner, all these drew men to him and to the Master he served. Perhaps no stronger proof of these traits can be furnished than the fact that he was the children's friend; possessed of personal dignity, yet so affable and approachable that the young instinctively recognized in him a friend.

In his home life loving and tender, with all his care-filled and busy life he was ever thoughtful and considerate; no more devoted husband and father ever

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blessed a home ; no presence is more deeply missed ; no memory more lovingly revered than his.

It is hard to speak of Merritt Hulburd in the past tense, so potent a factor was he in every onward movement, so earnestly devoted to every good cause, so eloquent in pulpit or on platform, so tender in his sympathy ; and while we are forced to remember with sorrow that his voice to us is stilled, yet we know his work in its influence and helpfulness still lives, and not until the last great day shall we fully realize the scope of that influence or the worth of that noble character.

“ 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in paradise our store.”

## Funeral Services

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THE funeral of the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., took place yesterday, and was the largest one ever held in this city, for no man was more loved or respected than the pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. The body was taken to the church shortly before 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, and from that until 12:30 o'clock lay in state in front of the pulpit rail. Above the pulpit was an American flag made of flowers, and sent by Wenonah Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., of which the deceased was a member. On the platform was a massive broken column of cream roses from the trustees of the church, and an immense basket of flowers from the people of Spring Garden Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia, and a Maltese cross from the Epworth League, while about were a number of smaller ones from various friends.

While the body was exposed to view thousands of people passed through the church and took a last look at their deceased friend. The church was crowded with those who desired to remain for the funeral, and this attendance was so large that people stood in the side aisles. The services were impressive, and more speakers officiated, more prominent people were present, and more tears were shed than at any funeral which has been held in Wilmington for many years. George N. Maris presided at the organ, and the quartette choir of Grace Church sang the selections.

The Rev. L. E. Barrett, the Presiding Elder of the Wilmington District of the Wilmington Conference, had charge of the services. They were opened with a Scripture read-



ing by the Rev. S. M. Morgan, the pastor of Mount Salem Methodist Episcopal Church. An affecting prayer was made by the Rev. John Y. Dobbins, now of the Newark Conference, but a former pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. There was also a Scripture reading by the Rev. H. A. Monroe, a presiding elder of the Delaware Conference, the colored Conference which covers about the same territory as the Wilmington Conference.

Presiding Elder Barrett made the first address. He was visibly affected by the loss of his friend, and spoke but briefly. In opening, Mr. Barrett said that he dared not trust himself to speak long, so keenly did he feel the death of Dr. Hulburd. He hoped at some future time to be able to speak of his life and death, and with the people of Grace Church to mourn his loss. At present he could say but little. Dr. Hulburd was a man, a great, generous-hearted man, who in his work looked to the interest of others and never spared himself. He was a man who drew people to him and who made the community better for having lived in it. He was a forcible speaker and a man of God. The presiding elder told how Dr. Hulburd had assisted him in his work, and concluded by reading an extract from the last sermon which Dr. Hulburd had preached. It appeared, he said, as if the doctor had been inspired to do his best. The extract follows:

“Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.” That is somber; it is gloomy; it is sad. Is it true? There can be no dispute about the first part of it, for what is our life? It is but a vapor which soon passeth away—a watch in the night, that swiftly slips by. But is it full of misery? Most certainly not if you intend to tie us down to a literal form of expression. Life is not all funeral, thank God. The bells ring as well as toll. There are wedding favors as well as crape bands; orange blossoms as well as cypress leaves. There is a “Hallelujah Chorus” as well as a “Dead March in

Saul." But there is a vast deal of toil and trouble in the world, and no place, scarcely any individual who is free from it. We are born to it; born to weakness, infirmity, and trouble. You cannot get away from it; if you escape it for a time in yourself, it comes through a loved one; if your house has escaped, it comes to your door; it meets you in the newspaper, it is brought to you through the post or the telegraph. It confronts us on the street; it challenges us in our public walks and private ways. Poverty, anxieties, pains, sufferings, sins, oppressions, errors—we move among these day by day. It is so common that we grow accustomed to it, grow indifferent toward it. We despair of helping it all, there is so much, and we cannot content ourselves with passing it by. It will be only a drop in the bucket, and where is the use? But is there no sympathy in the universe which is unfailing, unwearied, and unblunted? I answer, Yes. "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." He comes to men as the great hope-bringer. He came right down into our midst with his message of hope, love, pity, and relief. Somebody cares for you. The world may sometimes seem not to care; may be engrossed with its own; may have become used to seeing the lame man at the Beautiful Gate, and may pass him by; it may even sing:

" Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;  
Weep, and you weep alone ;  
For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has tears enough of its own."

But this is not his response to the world's cry. He is always saying, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He is this for our sins, and our sorrows too. He went about doing good; and his is a ministry of comfort-bringing, tear-drying, and of burden-lightening. Every revelation which is made of him shows him in this light. Weakness always appealed to him, and never in vain.

The Rev. S. F. Upham, D.D., of Drew Seminary, a life-long friend of Dr. Hulburd, was the next speaker :

Dr. Hulburd was a great man. As a pulpit orator I have never heard his equal. He was a man in every sense of the word. He had the ability to inspire those about him. He gave his life to the cause of religion, for he never spared himself. It was his delight to help others and to minister to the wants of others, and while doing this he forgot self. He is not dead. The earthly house has fallen, but that great soul is still alive in God's universe, and he has gone to the home prepared for him.

The Rev. M. B. Chapman, D.D., of Brooklyn, said that he would not speak of Dr. Hulburd as a minister, but as a friend.

In looking over the congregation assembled out of respect to his memory the speaker said that he saw further, and in the distance beheld the sorrowing congregations of the churches of Springfield, of Burlington, of Saint Paul, of New York, and of Philadelphia, whom he had served and who had loved him so well. He was a man who made himself loved because he first loved you. He had a manner of drawing all to him and of showing them how to do good. He was free from sham, and no man hated sham more than he. He was what you saw. In writing to the speaker some time before the deceased had referred to the death of Dr. Swindells, and had said that he felt that he would remain with the people of Grace Church for two years longer if they wanted him, and then he would take his chances for another appointment, but the death of Dr. Swindells had reminded him that in two years it would be doubtful if he would need another appointment. This showed that he was suffering and that he saw the end, though he was forgetting himself in his efforts to minister unto others. Dr. Chapman then alluded to how the doctor had loved the people of Grace Church, and how he had appreciated the honor which the Wilmington Conference had conferred upon him by sending him as a delegate to the General Conference.

Presiding Elder Barrett then called upon a number of ministers present to read the resolutions which had been adopted.

The resolutions which had been adopted by the Board of Church Extension were then read by Rev. J. W. Paxton, D.D.

The Rev. George Elliott, of the Spring Garden Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, read the resolutions adopted there.

The resolutions adopted by the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting were read by the Rev. Dr. Gray, of Philadelphia. The Rev. A. N. Keigwin read a series of resolutions passed by the Presbyterian ministers of this city. The Rev. W. L. S. Murray, D.D., read the following resolutions, prepared by a committee composed of himself, the Rev. L. E. Barrett, and the Rev. John France, on behalf of the Wilmington Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association. They were as follows:

As ministers of the Gospel we realize that we have sustained a great loss. We also sit under the shadow of a great sorrow. Dr. Merritt Hulburd won our hearts. We loved him as a brother. We gave him the highest position possible when we placed him at the head of our delegation to the last General Conference. When we met in our regular session yesterday we wept because "he was not, for God took him." "A prince and a great man is fallen." Where he led we were delighted to follow. His horizon was not bounded by the large and important congregation he so eminently and successfully served. He had a large and far-reaching plan. He sought by exchange of pulpits and union love feasts to more thoroughly unify the city Methodism. He held himself ready to aid in our most difficult work, and even led a movement in a self-sacrificing manner to save one of our churches from a crushing debt. He contributed to the necessities of the saints with a most liberal hand. All churches, irrespective of denominational lines, of sectarian affiliations, all societies and humane associations saw in him a leader of great ability; one whose thought was as broad as Christianity; one who emphasized essentials and left as unworthy of notice non-essentials;

one who loved man for man's sake, and lifted up Christ far above all petty differences and insisted that men should be Christlike. Creeds might either help or hinder, Christ alone could save.

He publicly declared himself as profoundly interested in our Constitutional Convention, and was president of an alliance to secure the constitutional prohibition of the legalized liquor traffic. His learning, his varied experience, his wide observation of men and measures, his social magnetism, his pulpit and platform eloquence were all consecrated to the highest and best interests of humanity. His ministries, public and private, were abundant. He was in the thickest of the fight. He passes out of our ranks with the smoke and dust of the battle upon him. But as an overruling and all-wise Providence has promoted him from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, we bow in humble submission, saying, "Lord, thy will be done."

We also express our sympathies with the family bereaved, whose occasion for tears we greatly regret, whose irreparable loss we greatly deplore, whose burden of sorrow we promise to share, whose hope of recognition in heaven we fondly cherish, and we will commend each member of the family, day by day, to God, our Father, praying that all things may work together for good, and that grace sufficient may be given.

We also express our sympathies with the church he has so faithfully, efficiently, and successfully served, but so suddenly and sadly bereaved and deprived of a shepherd whose chief thought was to lead them "in green pastures and by still waters." We assure our sister churches and the public which have expressed such generous appreciation of our brother, and manifested such heartfelt sympathies for our loss, that we appreciate these expressions of fraternal sorrow, and pray that this mysterious providence may help us more than ever to see the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
And thou art crowned at last."



Job H. Jackson feelingly read the resolutions of the trustees of the church.

Delegations were present from Wenonah Council, Jr. O. U. A. M.; Eureka Lodge, A. F. A. M.; Spring Garden Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia; Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting; New York Preachers' Meeting.

Among the ministers present were: the Revs. L. E. Barrett, S. M. Morgan, H. A. Monroe, T. F. Beauchamp, C. A. Grise, T. E. Martindale, M. L. Hutton, Ezra Tinker, W. A. Wise, V. S. Collins, T. E. Terry, C. W. Prettyman, John France, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Revs. A. N. Keigwin, William Frederick Lewis, William McFarlan, T. A. McCurdy, J. R. Milligan, of the Presbyterian Church; H. Ashton Henry and Archdeacon George C. Hall, of the Episcopal Church; and A. T. Bowser, of the Unitarian Church, in addition to the clergymen from distant points. The Methodist ministers and Mr. Keigwin and Mr. Bowser occupied seats on the platform.

After the services the body was taken to Glens Falls, N. Y., where interment will be made to-day. The remains were accompanied by a delegation of the members of Grace Church, whose names were printed yesterday. The trustees of the church acted as pallbearers.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church the following paper was adopted and read by Mr. Jackson at Dr. Hulburd's funeral:

*Whereas*, An all-wise God in his overruling providence, beneath whose mighty hand we bow in humble submission, having by an event suddenly and unexpectedly wrapped our church in profound gloom and carried sorrow unspeakable to the homes of its members by the death of our beloved minister and pastor, the Rev. Merritt Hulburd; and,

*Whereas*, By his death our church has lost a consecrated, devoted minister and pastor, one who by his high Christian char-

acter and his ability as a pulpit orator and his unswerving devotion to all of the interests of our church, has endeared himself to it and its congregation, all of whom have lost a personal friend, whose presence in the house brought joy and gladness, and to those who were sick and suffering consolation and peace.

To the young he was a guide and counselor, leading them to pure and lofty aspirations and Christian character. They will miss him, for he was weaving a web interwoven with gentleness and love in every woof, developing a picture by the light of God's love of the divine Master in their young lives.

The poor will miss his qualities of mercy, unstinted and unrestrained. They will miss the warmth and strength of his practical Christianity.

All will miss him. His inherent qualities, so admirable and lovable, shone out so distinctly in all of his actions and work for the development and uplifting of true Christian character and life.

He has been called from us in the height of his usefulness, just when a golden harvest was in view, and we are left in sorrow that we shall see his face no more with its glow of consecrated fervor, nor hear his utterances of wisdom and love, calling us to higher, broader, nobler lives; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That our church has suffered an irreparable loss by the faithful, devoted, energetic, acceptable minister, pastor, friend, being called from labor to reward.

The community has lost a broad-minded, charitable, patriotic, useful citizen. His family has lost all that made the home a real one, and to them we tender our sincere sympathy and love, and pray that the loving, tender, heavenly Father—the great Physician—will heal the wounds inflicted by this severe affliction that has come to their hearts and home.

*Resolved*, That we accept gratefully and with high appreciation the kind words that have been spoken by our citizens, by the resolutions of the churches, and the tender words and prayers of the ministers in our city, and by the beautiful testimonials of the worth, ability, and character of Dr. Hulburd by

the press.—From the Wilmington (Del.) *Morning News*, October 14, 1896.

Address of Rev. Melville B. Chapman, D.D., Pastor of New York Avenue Church, Brooklyn:

In the hush of this great sorrow, in the presence of these two great mysteries, the mystery of life and the mystery of death, we might well be silent and listen and hear what God has to say to his sorrowing children. These mute lips are more eloquent than any living voice. But the stress of our necessity demands that we make some effort to comfort and enhearten each other, to say some kindly words of loving remembrance and join our voices in some common hymns of faith and hope.

Here is a great company of those who knew and loved our brother, whose lives have touched his in its manifold ministry, in its wide, helpful, affluent brotherhood—what shall I say to you of this royal-hearted man, which will not be an affront to the rare delicacy and humility of his nature, and yet meet the hunger of our hearts for some adequate expression of the admiration and love we felt for him? But there is a greater company whose thoughts are turning to Wilmington to-day, and who stand afar off in the hush of a common grief. Far out over your heads I see another congregation—I see those who sat under his early appeals at Sandy Hill and Albany. I see those who watched so tenderly around the bed of his anguish in Springfield. I see those who were swept to the feet of his Master in the great revival at Lowell. I see the mourners at St. Paul, in Burlington and Bennington. I see a great company in New York and Philadelphia. I see this spectral congregation, and I seem to hear the same appeal that one who could not be here made to me last night as he wrung my hand, “If you get a chance speak a good word for Merritt Hulburd, for we shall never see his like again.”

I will not speak of him as a preacher or pastor or leader and master of men. Many of you have heard him preach fifty times where I have heard him once. I have been intimately associated

with him for twenty years, and yet I heard him preach only four times; but those Niagaras of eloquent speech are still reverberating in my memory. But if I have not heard him preach I have heard him pray, and who that ever heard him pray can forget how that earnest soul seemed to move earth and heaven with his importunate supplications? The kingdom of heaven suffered violence when Merritt Hulburd betook himself to prayer. I have heard him exhort, when at some crisis in a meeting he would rise and sweep a congregation like the wind over ripe summer grain—stir the great deeps of religious feeling and lift men into the light of heaven and the face of God. He was spontaneous, eruptive, volcanic in his nature, and while on the quiet outward slopes the pastures were green, the gardens in bloom, and the vineyards were purpling in the sun, his heart was burning and quaking with the central fire of an intense purpose, a desperate conviction, a consuming passion to reach and rescue and save men. While he mused the fire burned, and when he spoke this gentle and kindly man became a flaming evangel, a burning and shining light. But it is not the great preacher whose voice is hushed, it is not the dauntless white-plumed leader who lies so quiet and so still, that makes our hearts ache to-day. It is because we have lost a personal friend, and the world looks large and lonely to us as we take up the plaint that comes down the aisles of the ages from the fatal field of Gilboa: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle, and the weapons of war perished! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places."

Some men kindle our admiration by the splendor of their gifts, and attract us to them as the flame attracts the moth. But Merritt Hulburd was lord of the heart. He laid upon us the thrall of a warm, generous, effluent heart, a magnanimous and magnetic personality; and by the touch of nature on nature marked us for his own. Men loved him because he was so lovable—because he first loved them. How hearty he was! How he beamed good fellowship and by an irresistible *camaraderie* stormed the heart! He had the tender sensibility of a woman,

united with all the manliness of a man. Hence he was a son of consolation and was ordained to enhearten and uplift frail and fallen men. He had suffered much, he had gone through great tribulation, and he could be touched with the feeling for human infirmity and pain. Those of us who knew him best knew how under all his cheer and laughter he entered into the tragedy of life, felt its shadow, and was pierced with its pain, and bore the sorrows and carried the griefs of all his friends.

His family, how close they were to his heart! His friends, how he covered them, and gave himself to them, and stood by them in steadfast loyalty and was theirs to the last drop of his blood and the last hour of his life! He was sensitive, fine-strung, tremulous, responsive to every lightest touch of feeling or affection, and yet he was sturdy, strong—the manliest of men. How he hated shams and hypocrisies and meanness! And if any man ventured to make an unworthy suggestion in his presence you would think that the lightning had struck somewhere. He had the courage of his convictions, and anything he dared to think he dared to say. No man ever had any doubt as to which side he was on.

Under all his fervor of conviction was the firm restraint of a sound judgment, a practical sagacity, a sturdy common sense. This exuberant man was never more sane than when he was most inspired. All these engaging qualities clothed him with a charm which men could not resist. His contagious personality captured them ere they were aware; the glass of human blessedness began to rise when he drew near; life seemed easier and richer and more worth the living when he was around.

I think more than any man I have known he incarnated the apostle's resolution, "As much as in me is, I am ready." Having worked up to his full capacity he would respond to any call that came to him. How we exhorted him to spare himself! And he would humbly and penitently promise to do better, but let any call for help come to him, let any imminent deadly breach appear, let him hear any note of battle, and he began to paw the valley; his neck was clothed with thunder and his



voice would be heard like a trumpet-peal above all the thunder of the captains and the shouting. He had the urgency of his Master—he saved others, himself he could not save. He made tremendous outlay of himself, and such drafts upon his vitality could not go unhonored or fail to result in great reductions and exhaustions. I think he began to suspect himself that the time of his departure was at hand. Two weeks ago he wrote me a long and tender letter full of cheer, and yet to those who had ears to hear there was in it a note of apprehension.

He said: "In two weeks I shall be fifty-four years old, but we will keep it dark and try a little longer to keep up with the procession. I enjoy Wilmington, and shall stay two years more, if the people will keep me, and then take my chances. But when one thinks of Swindells, who was a month younger than I, and ten years younger in appearance, it makes a fellow feel that the chances are against his wanting any appointments two years from now."

He spoke better than he knew.

He got his final and crowning appointment—he was called higher, from the itinerancies of earth to the vaster circuits and tireless ministries of the sky.

I cannot close without saying how grateful every friend of his must feel to this church for its love and loyalty to him. He loved this church and this town and this Conference, and never spoke of them without a kindling eye. I do not think anything in his ministry ever gave him such satisfaction as his unexpected election to the last General Conference.

Every friend of his will turn to this church and to this town as the friends of Massillon did to Clermont and say, "This is where we lost him."

But some time, somewhere, we shall find him. Our faith and hope will take up the words which he loved, and which were so often on his lips:

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

There we leave him until the day shall dawn and the shadows flee away.

“God give us grace  
That we may see him face to face  
In that great day that comes apace.”

Partial extract from the Glens Falls (N. Y.) *Star*, October 15, 1896:

The final ceremonies in connection with the death of Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., were held at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the home of J. M. Coolidge. The large number of sorrowing friends in attendance attested the esteem in which the deceased was held in this community, where he was a frequent and welcome visitor. The services were conducted by the Rev. C. V. Grismer, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who read the scriptural lesson and offered prayer. The Rev. Dr. Joseph E. King, Principal of the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, then paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed divine. He spoke of Rev. Dr. Hulburd as he first knew him, when he came to the institute as a boy of eighteen years. He was a conscientious student, diligent in his work, and gave evidence of those qualities that have since made him distinguished as an eloquent preacher and successful Christian worker. Dr. King had noted his former pupil's course from boyhood, and his career had inspired feelings of admiration and love. The Rev. L. E. Barrett, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Wilmington Conference, referred in feeling terms to the loss sustained by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wilmington and by the community in general. “This is the saddest journey I have ever made, and my feelings now are the saddest I have ever experienced,” Rev. Dr. Barrett said, in a prefatory way. He referred to the friendly relations that had existed between the deceased and the clergy and all classes of citizens, regardless of social rank or religious beliefs. The Rev. Harvey Wendell, of Albany, who was closely associated with the deceased during his residence in that city, and had been his intimate

friend for thirty years, testified to Dr. Hulburd's kindly nature and many noble traits. The Rev. C. V. Grismer read a portion of the hymn, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt," and pronounced the benediction.

The body of Dr. Hulburd lay in state at Grace Church, Wilmington, on Tuesday from 10:30 until 12:30 A. M., and was viewed by hundreds of sorrowing friends. At the latter hour, Rev. Dr. Barrett conducted the service. He was assisted by clergymen from Wilmington, Philadelphia, and other places. On all sides were evidences of the high regard in which the departed divine was held by his fellow-townsmen. A special Wagner sleeping car and baggage car were chartered to bring the remains and funeral party to Glens Falls. Those who came here, in addition to the members of the family and near relatives, were: Mr. and Mrs. William M. Field, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mullin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Connor, Mrs. C. Wesley Weldin, H. C. Robinson, Thomas B. Smith, Rev. L. E. Barrett, D.D., and L. B. Morrow.

## Memorial Services

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MEMORIAL service, held in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church on Sabbath afternoon, October 25, in memory of the beloved pastor, Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., who passed from labor to reward October 10, 1896, Job H. Jackson, President of the Board of Trustees, presiding.

### 1. HYMN.

Servant of God, well done !  
Thy glorious warfare's past ;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last ;

Of all thy heart's desire  
Triumphantly possessed ;  
Lodged by the ministerial choir  
In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard ;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward.

With saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still to God salvation cry,  
Salvation to the Lamb !

Redeemed from earth and pain,  
Ah ! when shall we ascend,  
And all in Jesus' presence reign  
With our translated friend ?

2. PRAYER.—Rev. Lewis E. Todd.

3. SCRIPTURE LESSON, Acts xx, 16-28.—Rev. Alfred T. Scott.

4. ADDRESS.—Hon. Chief Justice Charles B. Lore.

5. ADDRESS.—Rev. A. T. Bowser, Pastor First Unitarian Church.

6. HYMN.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne ;  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross ;  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust !  
Strengthen the might of my faith ;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death :

Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be, I'm nearer home—  
Nearer now than I think.

7. ADDRESS.—William K. Crosby, Esq., Central Presbyterian Church.

8. ADDRESS.—Rev. A. J. Kynett, D.D., Spring Garden Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

9. ADDRESS.—Rev. L. W. Layfield, Wilmington Conference.

10. HYMN.—Junior Epworth League.

11. ADDRESS.—Charles W. Pusey, Superintendent Grace Sunday School.

12. ADDRESS.—William H. Smith, President of the Epworth League.

## 13. HYMN.—Choir.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

## 14. ADDRESS.—Dr. H. W. Briggs, Hulburd Club.

## 15. HYMN.

Not now, but in the coming years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
And there, some time, we'll understand.

CHORUS.—Then trust in God through all thy days ;  
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand ;  
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise ;  
Some time, some time, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,  
And finish what we here began ;  
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,  
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun  
Were over many a cherished plan ;  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun ;  
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.



God knows the way, he holds the key,  
He guides us with unerring hand ;  
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see ;  
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

#### 16. BENEDICTION.

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Address of Job H. Jackson, President Board of Trustees  
of Grace Church :

We are assembled here this afternoon to pay our tribute of affection to our dearly loved pastor, whom an all-wise Father has called from labor to rest. The sad and mournful duty falls upon me to preside at this sorrowing gathering of the Grace congregation and a few of the host of friends of the one we mourn. A dark, very dark, cloud has passed over our church; its shadow has crossed every household and darkened every heart.

It came in the swiftness and as unexpectedly as the cyclone, and its path of desolation is marked by hot tears and throbbing hearts. We turn to each other and ask why this affliction; and none can answer. We are unable to fathom the mystery, and our hearts ache

“For the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

About three years ago a few of us went to the Spring Garden Church in Philadelphia to hear Dr. Hulburd, their pastor, preach, and after the service we compared our impressions of him, and we were unanimous in our opinion that we should invite him to become our minister, and the call was extended that day.

The wisdom of that hasty decision has been abundantly ratified by a loving and faithful adherence to the pastor chosen then.

I will not attempt to express the estimation in which Dr. Hulburd was held by our sister churches, or by the community. The funeral service held in this church, the resolutions of many of the churches of our city, and of distant churches and societies, full of kind words and tender sympathy, and the tribute of the

press has given you this, and will be further manifested to-day by those who are present to participate in the service of the hour who are not connected with this church.

It will remain for those of our own church to speak of our loss and the estimation of and the love we bore for our departed one. He was eminent as a preacher, earnest in purpose, faithfully did he pursue and grandly did he accomplish the lifework to which he was called. With a deep sense of the loss that we have sustained as a church we feel that in cherishing his memory and example we shall best honor him and ennoble ourselves. To us it comes with the oppressive force of a personal stroke and a deep sense of irreparable loss, and such indeed it is, and as the days come and go we will more and more realize the loss that we have sustained.

The death of such a man as Dr. Hulburd is no ordinary occurrence; the vacancy caused thereby in the church and in our denomination cannot be filled.

The fragrance of his life will linger with us like the breath of fresh-plucked flowers, and his words of wisdom and love, his earnest appeals to higher duty, broader work, and nobler lives will ever linger about us, and in the rush and push of active everyday life will ever and anon come to us in accents low and sweet, still calling us to the feet of the Master whom he followed with so much earnestness and joy.

Mourn we may, mourn we must, but surely our mourning must be qualified with thanksgiving and praise for such a life, and for the share that we have enjoyed of it, for the advantage we have obtained from it, for the usefulness and the upbuilding in Christian character of so many, for the influence in our homes and upon our children. It remains for us to treasure his words of Christian counsel, that we walk in the footsteps of his faith and keep ourselves ready at the bidding of the Master to join him in the service of the eternal temple.

May there out of this sorrow arise some compensation in the loss sustained. May not tides of sweet human sympathy come creeping into our hearts that otherwise would not have come,

and our people lifted into higher, grander work and duty, and all be brought into closer fellowship and helpfulness to each other and to those with whom our daily duty brings us in contact?

In the upper, brighter home in the city of our God there awaits for you and me, as a ministering spirit, the dear departed one—there where some of the tangled mysteries of this life are unraveled, in that home where the losses of earth are swallowed up in the gains of eternity.

May God grant that his good influence here may last through many coming years, that our church, to whose interest he was so conscientiously and faithfully devoted, may continue on in its divinely appointed work.

#### Remarks of Hon. Charles B. Lore, Chief Justice :

There is an old Roman maxim, "Speak nothing but good of the dead; bury the bad with them." With this robe of charity we drape our departed, and most of us need such a robe sadly. There are not many lives that do not leave a large residuum of moral dross when melted in the crucible of adverse, indeed even of honest friendly criticism. Few natures are so well rounded that no part of the moral skeleton appears. There are a few such here and there in the seething masses of humanity. When found they are moral lighthouses, built high up on the pinnacle of human hopes and ambitions, shedding light on the groping multitude, and pointing ever to human betterment. There are some lives of which the least said the better; some of which we cannot say too much. Of the latter our late pastor, Dr. Hulburd, stood in the very front rank. He was a link very near to the divine end of the chain of humanity.

In loving, tender sorrow we speak of him to-day. Our loss is hard to bear. We do not understand why he should have been taken in the prime of his magnificent manhood and usefulness, unless it was to teach us that the danger point in human experience is always when we sit down content, thinking we have all we want and may now rest. In my recollection no man has come to this city and in so short a time won such power and in-

fluence as a potent factor for good. Now that he has gone from us we naturally ask what manner of man was he, and in what did his power lie?

Dr. Hulburd was a man of absolute *sincerity*. The warm grasp of his hand, the kindling of his eye, and the deep human sympathy expressed in his every word and act, made one feel simply in his greeting the presence of a big-hearted man. There was a restful promise in the amplitude of his sympathy and love that at once challenged confidence and made one feel such a man could be none other than a friend—a friend to whom we could go in confidence, uncover the secret gnawing cancers of our lives, sure of generous sympathy and wise counsel, and that our troubles with him were just as sacred as if hidden in the deepest recesses of our own souls. With him there was no pretense. Our relations with him, therefore, were on the footing of truth.

He was a *broad-minded* man. Out over the field of human hopes and purposes he looked afar with the eyes of a seer, searching not only the highest peaks, but sweeping through the valleys, and piercing the cavern gloom of human environments. Sectarian and denominational lines were only the individual marks or tags of Christianity to him, while his great soul embraced every follower of Christ, of whatever name or creed, as a brother. So his humanity touched every condition of life, and made him of kin to every human being. No wonder that, heart so touching heart, there was knit the bond of fellowship quick as life, enduring as eternity.

Dr. Hulburd was a *natural* and a *practical* man. There was none of the so-called ministerial atmosphere about him. The simplicity of real greatness environed him, revealing in clear light his unaffected manhood. No artificial barriers were built up between him and any other human heart. In the concerns of every other human life he was interested. None were too great, none too little, for his sympathy. Such a man could not isolate himself; he was of necessity a practical and potential factor of the everyday life of the community.

Above all, and embracing all, Dr. Hulburd was the highest

type of a *Christian* man. A mighty leader of the hosts of Israel, magnificently fitted with every element of leadership, he stood acknowledgedly at the head of the Christian hosts on the outermost parapet of Zion's wall, a grand type of a Christian warrior.

Such, in general, was the man Grace Church received as her pastor less than three years ago. At once, with all his impetuous personality and religious enthusiasm, he threw himself into his work and into our lives.

As he stood in the pulpit unfolding the love and the power of God, the dignity and the possibilities of a human life, he spoke with marvelous eloquence and power. Red-hot messages from the Almighty were hurled into the midst of his hearers, who often sat in breathless eagerness drinking in the resistless tide of his words and thoughts. Often we were borne along on this tide and with him in spirit swept up to the battlements of the celestial city, or wept with him at the cross, or fearlessly trod the valley of the shadow of death, entered the grave, and, through its open portals, gazed in rapt wonder on the resurrected body and basked in the sunshine of eternal life. He touched every chord of human fear, hope, and love with a master hand, and there was not one note of discord. I never knew his equal in all-round personality and power in the pulpit. He was intensely earnest. You felt that he meant every word that he uttered, and that they came red-hot from the mental furnace. Even now his voice and words ring in our ears. We shall not soon again hear his like.

A lady once said to me, after listening to his lecture delineating the Pilgrim contrasted with the Puritan, that in grandeur of thought and beauty of expression his glowing words and sentences equaled anything that Gibbon had ever written or Macaulay had ever dreamed of. Himself a Puritan by descent, he painted with filial reverence and love the noble manhood of that gifted people.

To-day, in deep sorrow, we ask, Why, O why, was this marvelous worker for good taken away from us? The answer will only come when we stand face to face in the eternal sunlight.

He was not only a preacher, but an intensely sympathetic and cordial man. Were any sick, he was at the bedside; his hearty, healthy presence, manifest sympathy, and almost womanly tenderness brought sunshine into many a chamber of sickness, and for a time charmed the sufferer into forgetfulness of pain. With him want never pleaded in vain. No matter what his own personal needs might be, his last penny passed with nervous haste to the asker. His heart was too big for either his pocket or his salary—he never could bring them together. I am not sure but that he ought to have had a financial guardian to save him from his generous self. He could not help it. His great heart literally reveled in the joy of making some other one happy, it mattered not at what cost to himself. But we may not compass him in words. He lives in our hearts, and is an abiding presence. We could not, if we would, name the myriad points at which he touched our lives. Not one of the multitude that hung upon his words Sabbath after Sabbath, not one of the sad hearts in this presence, but is mourning that he has gone out of our lives. He had so woven himself into our everyday existence—into the fiber and woof of our being—that to each he had become a part of oneself. We feel that we have lost somewhat of our own substance, so intimately had he been of us.

Do you ask what Grace Church has lost? My answer is, I cannot tell. Words cannot measure our sorrow or compass our loss. This I do know, that one of the grandest of men, one of the most winsome, lovable, and cherished of friends, has passed within the veil. In the Sabbaths to come, whoever may fill this pulpit, many of the sweetest memories of our Christian fellowship will cluster about the name, the voice, and form of our beloved dead, who came to us a gifted herald of the Gospel of the Son of God, gave up his life in our midst and in our service, and whose body was borne by loving hands to its last resting place and now sleeps on the banks of the Hudson, under the shadow of the mountains of his loved New England home, biding the time for the gathering of all of the sons of men. Gathered as we are about this altar consecrated by his labor and love, and it



may be in his spiritual presence, let us to-day breathe the earnest prayer that the life which went out in our midst and is now a hallowed memory, may lead us nearer to our Saviour whom he loved and upon whose altar he offered up his life.

If the spirit of our departed leader could voice itself to-day in human speech doubtless his message to us would be that while man dies the work of God goes on; that no human life is necessary in the divine economy. However broad his field of labor, his passing away stays not the immutable purposes of the Almighty. The call of one to wear the crown of life and to rest from labor is only a summons to those left behind to take up the work where it was dropped and go on, and by devotion to the cause show our loyalty to his teaching and ministry. One of the last of his utterances that I heard was this, "In my Father's house are many mansions." We all remember with what melting tenderness he dwelt upon the theme. Does anyone here doubt that he occupies one of those mansions to-day, and that he stands on the outer wall, with eager gaze and outstretched arms, beckoning us upward and onward, waiting to give us the greeting of eternal life? Over our sorrowing hearts this hour how sweetly sweep the words of our Saviour, "Because I live ye shall live also. If I go away I will come again and take you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Our consolation is that our leader is housed with the great Leader above. Let us dry our tears, let us still the beating of our sorrowing hearts, for he that was mortal has put on immortality and is now one of the glorified. Another loved one has joined the great multitude waiting for us on the other shore. Each one of us has another tender tie binding us more lovingly to our eternal home.

Address of Rev. A. T. Bowser :

I have been asked, very kindly, by your committee to participate with you to-day in this service of love and respect for the dear brother who has passed from our sight into the higher life of the spirit. I am glad to do so, although it might seem better

for me as an outsider to keep silent here among his intimate friends, those who knew him so well personally and have so much to say regarding his life and work. And yet I cannot help feeling that it is entirely fitting to the occasion, and in perfect keeping with Dr. Hulburd's character, for me to stand here before you and say a word as to the secret of the really wonderful influence which he exerted, not simply in his own church and among his own congregation, but throughout the community, reaching in every direction and to all kinds of people.

Coming among us less than three years ago, how was it that your pastor's sudden death was felt to be a loss to the whole Church of Christ, of whatever name or sign, in this city? What made his influence so great with people of all denominations, and even among those who are outside the churches, that wherever you turned on the day of his death you heard stranger say to stranger with broken voice and tearful eyes, as they passed in the street or sat together in an electric car, "We have met with a common sorrow in losing Dr. Hulburd; our city is poorer for his going; we shall all miss him?"

I think we shall not find the fullest answer to this question in the fact that he was an eloquent preacher, the pastor of a large and influential church; nor yet in the further fact that he had few equals on the public platform, from which he pleaded so often for good citizenship and high ideals in business and politics. But we shall find that his secret lay in his personal character; for he was one of those whose life (like that of the apostle Paul) "is hid with Christ in God," so that he himself was lost sight of in the divine atmosphere which surrounded him, and we did not think of *him* at all; but now we see that through his influence we were led up into the ideal world of high aspiration, earnest endeavor, and the desire for personal righteousness.

His secret lay in his life—that beautifully glorious and yet perfectly simple life—so unselfish and thoughtful of the rights and wishes and feelings of others, ever ready to lend a helping hand, never turning away from the most humble person who needed his sympathy, answering to every call upon his precious

time and strength as if it were the only one to be considered; and doing it all with no thought of reward, but only for the love of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me;" following so closely in the footsteps of the Christ that when he passed by people felt a divine influence touch them, the very air they breathed seemed purer for his presence, the world a better place to live in because he was here, the struggle and sorrow and pain of life less hard to bear, its opportunities more inviting, its obligations more sacred on account of his influence.

And now that the death-clouds have received him out of our sight, and he has passed from the visible Church of God on earth to the invisible Church in heaven, adding another to that innumerable host who have washed their robes and made them white in the cleansing floods of self-denial and thoughtful kindness and consecrated work, may we not believe that God took him because He loved him, and needed him in the larger place and greater work of the other world? For our Christian faith assures us that

" There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

Address of W. K. Crosby, Esq. :

I feel highly honored by the invitation which I have received from the trustees of Grace Church to say a few words on this sadly interesting occasion, as one who occupies a position outside of this church and outside the pale of Methodism, or rather perhaps I should say as the representative of the sister churches of the city, more particularly of the denomination to which I belong, to express the very high regard in which your late esteemed minister was held, and to convey to you the sympathy of these churches in your bereavement, and to tell you of the sincere sorrow which has been felt at the sudden and unexpected decease of your revered and honored pastor.

Dr. Merritt Hulburd was a Methodist by birth, by education, and I doubt not by preference and choice as well; as they say in Scotland, "He was a son of the manse." He gave his life to the spread and improvement of Methodism in these United States. No more earnest, efficient, and faithful preacher in the Methodist Church lived than he. And he stood ever true and loyal to the old Methodist flag—a loyal son to the Church of his fathers. He consecrated his life to her service in early manhood and died in harness in the prime of life, in the zenith of his power and influence as a preacher of the Gospel.

But he was more than a Methodist; he was too big-brained and large-hearted, he had too much of the Christ spirit in him to be confined to any one denomination. He was a man of broad gauge, large-hearted, liberal in the true sense of the word, generous in his sympathies; so broad and catholic in his views and feelings that he embraced the Church universal in his great heart, and the Church universal embraced him, claiming him as one of her choicest sons, a brother beloved, and recognized in him a preacher of marked ability and power, a Christian leader, brave, courageous, wise, able, tireless in zeal and effort for the cause of truth and righteousness and morality.

This church, which he served as minister with so much acceptance and fidelity, was proud of him and loved him. The Methodist denomination in this city, of which he was the recognized head and moving spirit, was proud of him. The Presbyterian churches and all the other churches in this city honored him, and, with you of the Methodist Church, were proud of him. We feel that he belonged to us all; he was too big and broad a man to be confined to the limits of one denomination.

No man was more welcome to the pulpits of our city churches or to our social gatherings than the late honored minister of Grace Church. His genial presence, his attractive and winsome personality, his words of wisdom and good cheer made him a most welcome guest on all social occasions. One of the last public functions performed by him was to grace with his presence, accompanied by Mrs. Hulburd, the reception tendered to the

new pastor of Central Presbyterian Church and his family. I do not think there was any happier person present in that large company than Dr. Hulburd. His face fairly shone with good fellowship. I was surprised that he knew so many people connected with that congregation. He seemed to feel perfectly at home with that people. In his address of welcome to Dr. McCurdy he was as usual very felicitous, predicting for the new pastor a pleasant pastorate in this city, expatiating on the virtues and general good qualities of the people of Wilmington, remarking that he would almost consent to become a Presbyterian if he might end his days in this fair city. You all well know that the itinerant system is not in force in the Presbyterian Church as it is with you in the Methodist Church, and it was to that he referred; for by the law of the Methodist Church this congregation could not have kept him, had he lived, beyond the allotted five years. But our beloved brother did not then dream that the end was so near; he did not realize that in nine short days he would be transferred, or rather promoted, to the great conference above, to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn whose names are registered in heaven. And he is there in that great company to-day, unspeakably happy and blessed in the paradise of God.

Dr. Hulburd exerted a powerful and salutary influence in our city and in the churches of the city. His influence was diffusive, reaching out and touching so many people both in and out of the churches. He had great power with men. Would that more of our ministers had this power! This power and influence which he exerted was because of his ability, his catholicity, and the freedom with which he placed his services at the disposal of the people. Although he was a very busy man, crowded with work of various kinds, yet, notwithstanding all this, I believe it was seldom if ever that he refused a service when it were at all possible for him to take it. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Sunday school cause, the temperance cause, the Ferris Reform School—every institution in or about our city that had for its object the betterment of society—found in him a

friend and helper. No wonder that when his death was announced the whole city was thrown into mourning!

What a difference there is in men! Some men fill a very small niche on the stage of action, a very limited sphere is theirs; others fill a larger place because of increased power and usefulness; but our departed friend was a king among men. The place that he filled was large. Yes, very large; and yet we did not fully realize how large was the sphere of his influence till death came and we were confronted with the vacancy—the large vacancy—in the community which his absence has caused. We are all poorer because he has gone; this church is poorer, all of our churches are poorer, the city is poorer. We all feel that we have lost a valued friend. Earth is poorer for his departure, but heaven is richer for his advent there.

What a large place he did fill in this community! His name was a tower of strength, so wise was he in counsel, so forcible and eloquent in advocacy of any cause that pertained to the advancement of truth and righteousness. How freely he gave himself to the service of his Master all along the line of Christian effort! Let me refer you for a moment to his splendid efforts, very soon after he came to this city, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Association was in distress; it needed financial help at once, as it does to-day. We called upon Dr. Hulburd, whose sympathies and interests in behalf of the young men of our city were enlisted at once. He consented to hold a service in the interests of the Association in the Opera House on Sunday afternoons. This service was kept up for some time, drawing immense audiences, to whom he preached the Gospel with unction and great power; and under his wise and energetic leadership an effort was made and successfully carried out which put the Association in possession of funds enough to pay its debt and send it on its way rejoicing. This is a mere sample of the outside work this devoted servant of God did in this city, and many of you know that he was constantly being called upon for important service in all parts of this country.



There was one thing about Dr. Hulburt that I greatly admired, although I admired him all through, and that was his freedom from mercenary motives. Monetary considerations seemed to trouble him very little. If money had influenced him to any great extent I do not think that Wilmington would ever have known Dr. Hulburt as a settled minister, for I am persuaded that churches which pay a much larger salary than any Wilmington church has ever paid would have been open to him and could have been had by him for his consent to serve them, if not in the Methodist Church, then in some other denomination. He would have graced and adorned any pulpit of any denomination in this land. I have no hesitation in saying that a ten or fifteen thousand dollar salary could have been his had he desired it, and have put himself in the way for it; but souls were more to him than dollars, and the molding and developing of human character was more to him than money. Being filled and permeated by the spirit of his divine Master, like Him he went about doing good.

It is no common event when a man of Dr. Hulburt's endowment, personal character, and influence is removed from a city by death or otherwise. The best thing on earth is character. The most valuable treasure in this or any other city is not the gold or the silver, the bank notes or the real estate contained in the city, but the good men and women who go up and down our streets doing good. And when our chief, our leader among these good people is taken, we look upon it as a great calamity, and from our standpoint it is. This church, I am sure, is already saying, "Where can we find a successor who can take up the work he has laid down?" Our citizens, I am sure, are saying or thinking, "Where can we find the public-spirited philanthropist and Christian leader and benefactor who will be to the city and community what he was?"

His death is a great loss to us all. We miss him so much, we feel so very sad at his departure, for "to know him was to love him; to name him was to praise." O, for the touch of the vanished hand, for the sound of that melodious voice now hushed in

death! But let us as citizens and churches recognize the hand of God in this sad event. In the providence of God there are no mistakes. He doeth all things well. We may not now or ever in this world be able to discover any wise or beneficent purpose in the removal of Dr. Hulburd at the very flood tide of his influence and usefulness, but what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Instead of trying to discover the reason for this sad dispensation of divine Providence, rather let us ask ourselves, What is the lesson of the hour for each of us?

A great void has been created, a wonderful and very potent influence has been removed from this church and from this community. What can we do individually in our sphere of influence, be it great or small, to help supply the void his death has made? Cannot we do more for the cause of truth and righteousness? Cannot we more earnestly and valiantly take up the fight, and battle as he did with those forces of evil which are doing so much damage in this city and all over this land of ours? Cannot we do more and better work along those lines which make for righteousness and true prosperity, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, and thus follow in the footsteps of him we mourn to-day?

As a representative of the sister churches of the city I desire, in closing, to express to this church and congregation our heart-felt sympathy with you in the loss of a minister so faithful, so earnest, so efficient, so amiable, so lovable. May the great Head of the Church, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, in his own good time send you a man after his own heart who shall minister to you in holy things, to your edification, comfort, and profit!

To the family of the deceased pastor we offer our tenderest sympathy in the loss of a husband and father so unspeakably dear and precious. May the God of all grace and consolation pour into their bereaved and sorrowing hearts his choicest consolations, and may his grace be their solace and strength, and may his loving benediction be over them constantly until "the day dawn and the shadows flee away," when they shall join their beloved in the paradise of God above!

## Address of Rev. A. J. Kynett, D.D.:

I am here to-day with a delegation from the trustees, church, and congregation of Spring Garden Street Church, Philadelphia, to share the sorrow of the good people of Grace Church in the loss of your pastor—so recently our pastor—and to unite our testimony with yours as to the high character, graces, gifts, and usefulness of the noble man who has gone from us.

Having, with my family, worshiped in Spring Garden Street Church for the last twenty-eight years, and enjoyed the ministrations of the distinguished men who served in the pastorate of that church, including those of Dr. Hulburt, the trustees have commissioned me to speak in their behalf. I was the more ready to accept this trust because I was, at the time of the funeral of Dr. Hulburt, in the distant Northwest, and was, for that reason, though notified by telegram, unable to be present; and, further, because Dr. Hulburt was my personal friend. He was also my friend officially, being associated with the management of our Church Extension work. His personal interest in behalf of your Epworth Church was but one expression of the interest evinced in behalf of multitudes of churches in like circumstances coming to our Board of Church Extension for relief.

Dr. Hulburt became the pastor of our Spring Garden Street Church in March, 1889, and continued with us for the full term of five years, allowed by the present law of our Church. Of course we knew him well. He won and held our hearts, as he did yours. His high character and the principles that governed his life were soon manifest. Some peculiarities attracted attention at an early period. One, personal to himself, was seemingly trivial—his style of dress in the pulpit. He knew, what many others have failed to learn, that trifling things are sometimes the occasion of criticisms which mar a pastor's influence, perhaps, through his entire pastorate. On his appearance he made a brief explanation, and never thereafter alluded to it, and we never thought of it except to admire the grace and propriety of his appearance. Another peculiarity was his decided

preference to be known as the "minister" rather than as the "pastor" of the church; and in his pulpit notices, and elsewhere, he was recognized as "the minister" of Spring Garden Street Church.

He was ambitious of true greatness, and well knew how it is attained. He had studied to purpose the ambitions of the first disciples of our Lord, and never forgot the statement of Jesus: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." He chose to be, in this high sense, a minister, according to the idea of the Son of man, and was, in the highest and best sense, servant of all.

Unnumbered and unrecorded incidents of his Spring Garden Street pastorate exemplify his ministrations. A member of his church is ill more than a hundred miles from home. A telegraphic message hastily calls the family to her bedside. Though weary with abundant labors, he voluntarily takes the same early train, and for several days ministers to her and her family spiritual consolations. A young man, belonging to one of the families of the church, but without faith and hope in Christ, struggling with disease, in a fruitless search for health, is in a village of the Rocky Mountains, more than two thousand miles from home. A telegram calls for his father, but an accident had made it impossible for him to travel. Within six hours from the receipt of the message Dr. Hulburd, taking the anxious father's place, is on his way to Colorado. God greatly honored this act of devotion to his work, and gave him, as seals to his ministry, not only the soul of this young man, but half a hundred more, in the mountain village where he sojourned, in a most remarkable religious revival. A lady, a member of his congregation, is sick unto death. Dr. Hulburd is promptly at her bedside, ministers to her, and thereafter to the bereaved family, winning all hearts.

Do you wonder that his preference for the high title of "minister" should so deeply impress us all, or that he won and held

the admiration and affection of his congregation? These are but samples of the varied and Christlike ministries by which, unknown and unrecognized by the general public, he won and held sway over the hearts of those who knew him best.

We may not "glory in men," but we may, all together, thank God for such ministers of the Gospel. "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Such ministers are Christ's most gracious gifts to the whole Church. Like our public parks, like the stars of the firmament, they are our common inheritance.

Dr. Hulburt has been ours and yours, and we, of both churches, are the wiser and the better for his ministry. We know, in some degree, the sense in which "all things are ours," "Paul, Apollos, Cephas," all orders and gifts of the ministry, "the world, life," all things that pertain to the kingdom, "things present, things to come," and that we "are Christ's, and Christ is God's." We do not yet know in what sense, or with what added wealth, death is ours. Our beloved friend has solved that mystery, and rejoices to-day in his enlarged inheritance; but we do know that the Christ whom he preached "is all and in all," and that He is death's great conqueror.

Reference has been made to the profound mystery of his being taken from us in the prime of his mature manhood. I have no explanation to offer. But this I know, there is a procession of events which no power can stay. We might as well ask why the tides of the great river which sweep to and fro past your city and ours rise and fall. It is in obedience to nature's law. Generations come and go with the resistless tides of terrestrial events. He whose we are, and to whom our brother's ministry was consecrated, knows all, and governs all. "Clouds and darkness are round about him." It becomes us to bow in submission to his sovereign will.

A single sentence in Paul's great argument for the resurrection and the future life is most suggestive, "That was not first

which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." All with which we are here identified, this great sweep of terrestrial events, is of the natural, but they sweep on to the spiritual and eternal.

He has passed on, in obedience to the great law, beyond the natural into the spiritual, and is forever with the Lord. We are on the way. The natural and the spiritual are but two great stages of our human progress.

"One family we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

#### Remarks of Rev. L. W. Layfield :

I am grateful for the privilege of indorsing all that has been said here this afternoon in memory of our dear friend, whom I loved as dearly as my own life, and of adding my mite of tribute to his worth. While much has been said, and glowing tributes paid, yet I feel that much remains unsaid. In most cases funeral eulogies are accepted with some allowance, but it is not so in the case of our brother; whether we portray him as the peerless orator, the great preacher, or the kind, benevolent, and tender pastor, we instinctively feel it to be true. More than that, we feel that after saying all of this we have failed to describe him or tell his worth.

Attempts have been made to detect the secret of Dr. Hulburt's power, but the secret defies examination ; analyze the flower to find the secret of its perfume, and you destroy the flower and lose its fragrance ; so with our dear friend. He was intellectually great, big of soul, majestic in physique; and when the brain and heart were on fire, and his tongue unloosed, he swayed his audience as the wheat is swayed by the wind. While the pulpit



was his throne, he had few equals upon the platform; and yet it is not because of all these gifts and graces that we loved him; nay, rather, it was the man himself, possessing a subtle, indefinable magnetism that ere you knew it seized and held you as with hooks of steel, and you surrendered without protest; so that we didn't stop to admire, but rather loved him. Thus it is that the sorrow of this audience is not in the fact that a great preacher is lost to us, but that one we loved is not. This loss and this sorrow is not confined to his church, but is shared by us all, wherever his voice has been heard or his presence felt. He was a friend to all, sharing their sorrows, carrying their burdens, sacrificing for their good, and undoubtedly dying a martyr in the cause of his Lord and for his fellows. Yet in all of his labors he was not impulsive, merely; things that appealed to his intellect only he weighed carefully and thoughtfully; but touch his heart, and the response was instantaneous.

The sudden and unexpected death of Dr. Hulburd caused a shock that was felt, not only in this city, but in all places where he was known and loved, and all who knew him loved him, and all who loved him mourn to-day. Dr. Hulburd and I came to this city at about the same time, he to become pastor of Grace Church, I to undertake the task of my life; for Epworth Church, to which I was appointed, was burdened with a crushing debt, which, with so small a membership, and that comparatively poor, made hope almost presumption. In addition to this, from causes which I shall not speak of more than to refer to them, I found but little sympathy with the movement. Whither should I go? To whom should I appeal? Seeing as I could but retreat for Methodism in that quarter, it was little wonder that I despaired, and, after struggling for a year, had decided that if the Conference failed me I must seek another field.

It was at the close of the Conference session, and, as I walked the aisle of the vestry below where the Conference sat, despondent, resolved to ask to be allowed to give up, some one came up behind me and, putting his arm about me, said, "You are in trouble?" I said, "Yes." Then with all the sincerity and

heartiness of his noble manhood Dr. Hulburd said, "You go back, and I'll stand by you." How those words assured me, how that sympathy strengthened me! I went back, but did not dare go to claim the doctor's promise until some weeks afterward, and then he broached the subject himself, saying, "I have been looking for you for two weeks, and I'm glad of a chance to talk over Epworth." You all remember the great mass meeting in the Auditorium, the money which was subscribed at that time after the earnest and eloquent appeal by our dear brother; you remember that he took no vacation that next summer, but preached and lectured, through all the heat, over the Peninsula, in the effort to raise the money with which to assist in the freeing of Epworth Church; how that, instead of enjoying a much-needed rest in the North, he expended his time and strength in his unselfish and self-sacrificing work.

For a month we were together, traveling about from camp meeting to camp meeting, preaching alternately, sometimes twice a day. It was a month of hard work, and yet perhaps the most enjoyable of my life. It was during these journeyings together that I learned to love Dr. Hulburd, learned to know his noble heart, and to feel the worth of companionship with so manly a man. You may some of you remember how for some time that summer his hands were severely poisoned, and that he had them bandaged for some days. It happened at one of the camp grounds; we had gone out into the woods to read over a sermon of mine and to talk over plans for our work. It was there, sitting on a log, that he, unconsciously pulling at the leaves that clung to that fallen tree, exposed himself to the poison vine which afterward caused him so much discomfort. It was in such quiet and confidential hours that I learned to love him so, and I mention these incidents to show you that I rejoice in the fact that I knew another side of him. This was the great man of whom you have been speaking, this was the eloquent preacher upon whose utterances so many have hung breathless, and in whose intellect and ability so many have taken pride. I recall another incident which I shall not soon forget, which

illustrates the generous heart of our dear friend. It was after weeks of hard work for both of us, after days of preaching amid the dust and heat of August, and I was summoned to the city to attend a funeral. It was a day of leisure for the doctor, while I was to have preached that night; to go to town and return to preach meant a wearying day; but when the doctor learned of my position, despite the fact that he needed rest more than I, he took my place and preached that night, so that I might come to attend to my duties here. And yet in such acts as these he seemed not to think it anything out of the ordinary or to be wondered at; but it was all as natural for him to do it as to breathe. His great, warm, loving heart was constantly overflowing in acts of kindness and beneficence. You know how he labored for the unifying of Methodism in this city; how he felt that the influence of the Church was not what it might be, and how he hoped that the different churches might come together as a family, thus realizing the Master's prayer, "That they all may be one;" and for this he planned, toiled, and prayed. At his suggestion began the custom of pulpit exchanges, union love feasts and meetings, all with the intent and purpose of bringing the whole Church in Wilmington into closer relations and more united effort. He was not permitted to see the fruition of his labors, but I am sure we feel that Methodism in Wilmington is more of a unit to-day than ever before. And now, in the midst of his work, planning great things, and rejoicing in expected harvests, the call has come, and he is not, for God has taken him. May his mantle fall on us; may his memory rouse us to nobler deeds, more self-sacrificing effort, until at the last we, too, may say, "Prepared," and at the Master's call go up to receive the reward of well-doing!

Mr. William H. Smith's remarks:

It is with a feeling of the utter inadequacy of words to express the sense of loss that has come to the Epworth League of this church in the death of our beloved pastor that I come as the representative of that body to offer our tribute to his mem-

ory. We are deeply conscious that we have lost our leader; still, I hesitate as I say lost our leader, for will not his precepts, his example, and his words of wisdom from this sacred place be with us to influence our actions in times when the way may seem dark and crooked and we are not sure what to do?

His sublime trust in the guidance of our heavenly Father, and his implicit faith in prayer, will come to us like a holy memory to help us in our doubts and perplexities. As a League we found him ready and anxious at all times to teach us to "Look up," and to help us to "Lift up."

The "Lift up" seemed to be Dr. Hulburd's paramount thought. You all know how earnest were his efforts to do all that lay in his power for the advancement and development of his brother man.

It is of great importance for the Epworth League to realize that the minister of the church is one to whom each and every member may go with his plans for any department and find him in sympathy with any movement that may be suggested, and I think, indeed, I know that we all felt that Dr. Hulburd had the interests of the Epworth League of Grace Church very near to his heart, and not only the League as an organization, but each individual member felt that in our minister he had a friend to whom he could go with his pleasures or his troubles, and know that he would rejoice with him in his joys and weep with him in his sorrows.

Dr. Hulburd's life and strong personality will have a lasting influence on us. Our hearts are heavy within us as we miss his face in this pulpit. We needed him so much that we can scarcely realize that we shall no more feel the strong grasp of his right hand as he said some kindly word of welcome; but we pray God that our lives may be so spent that in the great future we may live again with him and those we love in that beautiful land, our home above.

"He is not dead ; he has but passed  
Beyond the mists that bind us here,  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serenest sphere."

Dr. Briggs, for the Hulburd Club, spoke as follows :

My heart, like many others to-day, is filled to overflowing with loving memories and tender recollections of him whose name we have assembled to honor. Seldom has the death of a single individual caused such widespread sorrow in any community. Rarely have the personal qualities of the man entered so into the hearts of all who knew him as did those of our beloved pastor.

Representing as I do a body of young men whose inspiration to band ourselves together came from the noble example and encouragement of him whose name we have as our guide, and whose memory we will endeavor to perpetuate, I am sure I voice our united sentiment in expressing at this time our deepest sorrow, while we commend to the loving care of our heavenly Father those who by earthly ties were bound closer than ourselves.

Every organization of the church claimed Dr. Hulburd as its special friend ; and well it might, for where was there a work which had for its object everything that was good and right in which he was not only a worker, but also a leader ? As young men we loved him as such ; he was our adviser, our counselor, our pastor, our friend ; and though the silver locks plainly told us of advancing years, the spirit of youth was ever within him, and the familiar greeting and friendly hand-shake always welcomed us into his presence, and when we went forth we felt strengthened and filled with new courage to do our duty as Christian men. If ever the spirit of Christ dwelt in mortal man it did in him. His very presence inspired us with new zeal and filled us with a determination to be better men and truer Christians.

How well we remember when, as a stranger in a strange land, that great right hand was lovingly extended, and feeling that the impulse came from as great and loving a heart we knew we were welcome and felt that we were not without a friend. We cannot easily forget his anxious solicitations in our behalf in any

feeble attempt to relieve the sick or suffering. How tenderly we recall that eloquent and comforting prayer at the bedside of a dying friend! How fresh in our memories are his special sermons to young men, and his earnest pleas for our attendance upon the different means of grace!

God grant that the influence of all these may not be lost. May they inspire us to go forth with renewed vigor, determined to lead purer and better lives, and with these high ideals may we manfully perform our portion of the unfinished work of our noble leader.



## Resolutions of Sympathy

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AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church the following paper was adopted :

*Whereas*, An all-wise God in his overruling providence, beneath whose mighty hand we bow in humble submission, having, by an event sudden and unexpected, wrapped our Church in profound gloom and carried sorrow unspeakable to the homes of its members by the death of our beloved minister and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Merritt Hulburd ; and,

*Whereas*, By his death our church has lost a consecrated, devoted minister and pastor, one who by his high Christian character and ability as a pulpit orator and his unswerving devotion to all of the interests of our church has endeared himself to it and its congregation, all of whom have lost a personal friend, whose presence in the home brought joy and gladness, and, to those who were sick and suffering, consolation and peace.

To the young he was a guide and counselor, leading them to pure and lofty aspirations and Christian character. They will miss him, for he was weaving a web interwoven with gentleness and love in every woof, developing a picture by the light of God's love of the divine Master in their young lives.

The poor will miss his qualities of mercy, unstinted and unrestrained. They will miss the warmth and strength of his practical Christianity.

All will miss him. His inherent qualities, so admirable and lovable, shone out so distinctly in all of his actions and work for the development and uplifting of true Christian character and life.

He has been called from us in the height of his usefulness, just when a golden harvest was in view, and we are left in sorrow that we shall see his face no more with its glow of consecrated fervor, nor hear his utterances of wisdom and love, calling us to higher, broader, nobler lives ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That our church has suffered an irreparable loss by the faithful, devoted, energetic, acceptable minister, pastor, friend being called from labor to reward.

The community has lost a broad-minded, charitable, patriotic, useful citizen. His family has lost all that made the home a real one, and to

them we tender our sincere sympathy and love, and pray that the loving, tender heavenly Father—the great Physician—will heal the wounds inflicted by this severe affliction that has come to their hearts and home.

*Resolved*, That we accept gratefully and with high appreciation the kind words that have been spoken by our citizens, the resolutions of the churches, and the tender words and prayers of the ministers in our city, and the beautiful testimonies to the worth, ability, and character of Dr. Hulburd by the press.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF GRACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL  
CHURCH, JOB H. JACKSON, Chairman.  
Wilmington, Del., October 12, 1896.

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The following paper was adopted by the Wilmington Preachers' Meeting, and a copy ordered to be sent to the family, to the trustees of Grace Church, and to the secular and religious press:

As ministers of the Gospel we realize that we have sustained a great loss. We also sit under the shadow of a great sorrow. Dr. Merritt Hulburd won our hearts. We loved him as a brother. We gave him the highest position possible when we placed him at the head of our delegation to the last General Conference. When we met in our regular session yesterday we wept, because "he was not, for God took him." "A prince and a great man is fallen." Where he led we were delighted to follow. His horizon was not bounded by the large and important congregation he so eminently and so successfully served. He had large and far-reaching plans. He sought by exchange of pulpits and union love feasts to more thoroughly unify our city Methodism. He held himself ready to aid in our most difficult work, and even led a movement in a self-sacrificing manner to save one of our churches from a crushing debt. He contributed to the necessities of the saints with a most liberal hand. All churches, irrespective of denominational lines or sectarian affiliations, all societies and humane associations saw in him a leader of great ability; one whose thought was as broad as Christianity; one who emphasized essentials and left as unworthy of notice nonessentials; one who loved man for man's sake, and lifted up Christ far above all petty differences, and insisted that man should be Christlike. Creeds might either help or hinder, Christ alone could save.

He publicly declared himself as profoundly interested in our Constitu-

tional Convention, and was president of an alliance to secure the constitutional prohibition of the legalized liquor traffic. His learning, his varied experience, his wide observation of men and measures, his social magnetism, his pulpit and platform eloquence were all consecrated to the highest and best interests of humanity. His ministries, public and private, were abundant. "He was in the thickest of the fight." He passed out of our ranks with the smoke and the dust of the battle upon him. But as an overruling and all-wise Providence has promoted him from the Church militant to the Church triumphant we bow in humble submission, saying, "Lord, thy will be done."

We also express our sympathies with the family bereaved, whose occasion for tears we greatly regret, whose irreparable loss we greatly deplore, whose burden of sorrow we promise to share, whose hope of recognition in heaven we fondly cherish; and we will commend each member of the family day by day to God, our Father, praying that all things may work together for good and that grace sufficient may be given.

We also express our sympathies with the church he has so faithfully, efficiently, and successfully served, but now so suddenly and sadly bereaved, and deprived of a shepherd whose chief thought was to lead them "in green pastures and by still waters." We assure our sister churches and the public which have expressed such generous appreciation of our brother, and manifested such heartfelt sympathies for our loss, that we appreciate these expressions of fraternal sorrow and pray that this mysterious providence may help us more than ever to see the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

W. L. S. MURRAY,  
L. E. BARRETT,  
JOHN FRANCE,  
Committee.

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The Boston Preachers' Meeting have heard with profound sorrow of the sudden death of our esteemed brother and colaborer in the Gospel ministry, the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., of Wilmington, Del. We desire to place on record some expression of our feelings in view of this sad and, to our human conception, untimely event.

To this end we subscribe to the following resolutions :

1. That in our sorrow over the departure of our brother we may yet rejoice in the assurance we feel that death found him at the post of duty and service, his loins girded about and his lamp trimmed and burning ; and what to us is grievous loss must be his eternal gain.

2. That we recall with greatest pleasure the fine and noble qualities of our brother both as a man and as a Christian ; qualities that drew his associates to him with uncommon attraction and bound his friends in ties of strong and endearing affection.

3. We recall the singularly successful career of our brother in his chosen profession with feelings of great satisfaction. He was eminently gifted both as a scholar and as a speaker. As a pulpit orator he had few equals. We rejoice greatly in the eminent service which he was thus enabled to render to the Church and to the world. Our regret would be all the greater because of the void made by his death but for the knowledge that God can bury his best workmen and still carry on his work.

4. That our heartfelt sympathies are hereby extended to his bereaved wife and children. To the church in the midst of which he fell—a good soldier with his armor on—and to that larger Church of our great denomination of which he was an ornament and tower of strength, that the God of all consolation may be their comfort in this dark hour is our strong desire and fervent prayer.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be offered for publication to *Zion's Herald*, *The Christian Advocate*, and the *Philadelphia Methodist*, and that a copy be forwarded by the secretary of this meeting to his family.

(Signed,) ARTHUR W. L. NELSON,  
Secretary of the Meeting.

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The Board of Trustees of the Spring Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, at a special meeting held October 11, 1896, adopted the following memorial :

We have received with profound sorrow the sad tidings of the death of the Rev. Dr. Merritt Hulburd, a former pastor of this church, at his home in Wilmington, Del., October 10, 1896.

It is with a deep sense of personal loss and bereavement that we record

this inadequate tribute to his noble Christian character and his distinguished services to the Church.

Dr. Hulburd was endowed by nature with rare graces of soul and exceptional intellectual gifts. Under the culture of divine grace, aided by his own strenuous effort, he became the man we knew him—the consecrated servant of God, the able preacher of the word, the faithful pastor, the devoted friend, the generous helper of every good cause, the useful citizen, and the loving husband and father of his now sorely stricken family.

The memory of his five years of pastorate in this church abides with fragrance still unwasted, as of a precious ointment poured forth. He has left here an imperishable monument in the undying affection of many hearts and in the seals of a richly jeweled ministry.

His sudden and wholly unexpected death in the fullness of his usefulness and the ripened glory of his manly strength comes to us as a call to fresh consecration to duty while the day lasts.

We have no fitting words in which to speak the sympathy we feel with the wife and children who sit in the deepest shadow of this great affliction. To many of this congregation he has spoken the word of effectual cheer and comfort in the hour of direst mortal anguish. To that Source of strength he knew so well, and to which he could so eloquently point the mourning heart, we commend the bereaved family of our friend and brother. We will not fail to present their sorrow and ours to the sure solace of "the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our affliction."

We hereby direct that a copy of this memorial be recorded in the journal of proceedings of this Board, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and that copies be furnished our Church papers for publication.

ADAM S. BARE, Secretary.

S. S. MILLER, President.

GEORGE ELLIOTT, Pastor.

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### Memorial of the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting:

We have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., which sad event occurred on Saturday, October 10, 1896, at the parsonage of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del. It is not needful for us to enter into the details of his useful life. In 1889 he became pastor of the Spring Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city.

He at once identified himself with all the interests of Methodism in our

Conference, and served these interests with fidelity. As a member of this Preachers' Meeting he came into personal contact with us, and by his geniality and brotherly kindness won our affectionate regard. He was not only large-brained, but large-hearted. In the midst of all the honors which came to him he retained his simplicity and approachableness. We are personally bereaved by his death.

We tender to his sorrowing family our tribute to his personal worth and valuable services, and pray that they may find in this dark hour the light of faith, and in this great sorrow the comfort which comes from God.

JOHN S. JANES MCCONNELL,  
THEODORE STEVENS,  
JOSEPH R. TAYLOR GRAY,  
T. KIRKPATRICK,  
GEORGE ELLIOTT.

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The Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church having learned of the unexpected decease of the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., in the prime of his life and in the midst of an active career of great usefulness, desires to place upon its journal a brief record of its high appreciation of Dr. Hulburd as a minister and as a member of this Board:

Dr. Hulburd became a member of the Board of Church Extension on the 18th of June, 1880, when he was selected to fill a vacancy. Later he was elected by the General Conference of 1892, and reelected by the General Conference of 1896.

During this period he manifested great interest in the work of Church Extension, and in the meetings of the Board his wise counsels have been of exceeding value both to the Board and the denomination. He also rendered excellent service as a member of the Executive and Finance Committee, and the Board showed its approval by selecting him as one of its representatives to the last meeting of the General Committee of Church Extension.

The Board and the Church have suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Hulburd. He was a devoted pastor, an able and eloquent preacher, a popular platform speaker, a forceful citizen in the community where he resided, a man of great heart and benevolent nature, and a Christian who gave the world a good example and honored the name of the divine Master.



With profound sorrow we remember that our brother will meet with us no more, and will no longer share our labors, but we bow with submission to the will of Him whose ways we cannot comprehend, but who doeth all things in infinite love and with faultless wisdom.

The Board assures the widow and family of our beloved brother of our deep sympathy in this time of sore bereavement, and prays that they may be sustained by divine grace and by the assurance of a reunion in the life beyond.

It is resolved that the Board attend the funeral in a body, and that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of our departed member.

W. J. PAXSON,  
J. F. CROUCH,  
J. W. BOUGHTON,  
T. B. NEELY,

Philadelphia, October 12, 1896.

Committee.

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A copy of a memorial paper adopted by the New York Preachers' Meeting, on Monday, October 19, 1896, and ordered to be sent to the official board of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del., of which Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., was the pastor:

It is with profound sorrow that we have heard of the death of Dr. Merritt Hulburd, of Grace Church, Wilmington, for several years an honored and much-beloved member of this Preachers' Meeting. By his bearing as a man, his fidelity as a minister of our Church, his consistency as a Christian, his unswerving loyalty as a friend, Dr. Hulburd has endeared himself to all who came within the circle of his influence, and his memory will be ever grateful and precious as a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Preeminently generous and loving, and with a nature overflowing in tenderness and sympathy, he won for himself a large place in the heart of every church he served, and secured the grateful affection of all those who were favored by his ministry. But most of all we thankfully remember his perfect consecration to the work to which God so signally had called him, and the success with which that work was crowned. And, though called away while in the prime of life, yet his ministry has been one of remarkable fruitfulness and honored of God in the most gracious and divine way. We can hardly bring ourselves to think that we

shall look upon his noble form no more, and the kindly presence, the tender voice, the unselfish heart, are no longer ours to enjoy and possess; and it is indeed with deep sorrow that we remember that he has gone from us, never more to return, but we rejoice when we think that though he cannot come to us, yet we may go to him, and in the heaven of the eternal God complete the fellowship which was begun on earth.

Most sincerely do we sympathize with the widow and family of our dear and honored brother, and we earnestly commend them to God and pray that the divine comfort and grace may be given in measure sufficient for their needs.

We also desire that a copy of this memorial be sent to Mrs. Hulburd as a slight token of the regard and affection of this Preachers' Meeting.

On behalf of the meeting,

J. WESLEY JOHNSTON,  
S. F. UPHAM,  
M. B. CHAPMAN,  
CLARK WRIGHT,  
Committee.

J. W. ACKERLY, Secretary Preachers' Meeting.  
New York, October 19, 1896.

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At the annual meeting of the General Committee of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., November 5, 1896, the following minute was unanimously adopted, and a copy was directed to be sent to the family of the deceased:

REV. MERRITT HULBURD, D.D.

With profound sorrow the General Committee of Church Extension has learned of the decease of the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., of the Wilmington Conference.

In 1889, when Dr. Hulburd was connected with the Philadelphia Conference and pastor of the Spring Garden Street Church, the Board of Church Extension selected him to fill a vacancy in its membership. He was continued a member by the General Conference of 1892, and he remained in connection with the Board after his transfer to the Wilmington Conference.

In 1895 the Board selected him to be one of its representatives to the General Committee of Church Extension.

In the General Conference of 1896 he served as a member of its Com-

mittee of Church Extension, and by that General Conference he was elected a member of the Board of Church Extension and of the General Committee for the Second General Conference District.

In all these positions he showed himself an interested and intelligent worker in the cause committed to his care.

Dr. Hulburt entered the ministry in 1862, when he was only about twenty years of age, so that when he died in his fifty-fourth year he had served in the regular ministry about thirty-four years. During these years he performed faithful work, rendering very efficient service in several Conferences in different parts of the country.

Dr. Hulburt was a popular platform speaker, an eloquent preacher, a beloved pastor, an influential citizen, a Christian gentleman of manners most genial, and a man of large heart and strong sympathies.

He passed from this life on the tenth day of October, 1896, when he was within five days of being fifty-four years.

Called away in his prime and when he had great promise for the future, his death is a great loss to the Church and also to the general public.

As a slight indication of its strong regard for the Rev. Dr. Hulburt as a man and a minister, as well as a coworker, the General Committee places this brief but sincere expression upon its journal.

[From the Minutes.]

CYRUS D. FOSS, President

JOHN S. JAMES MCCONNELL, Secretary.

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At the Preachers' Meeting held at Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., October 12, 1896, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Preachers' Meeting of the City of Washington desires to express its sense of the great loss which the Methodist Episcopal Church has sustained in the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Merritt Hulburt, of Wilmington, Del. His beautiful and full-orbed Christian character, his noble qualities of mind and heart, his marvelous powers as a speaker and magnetic personality endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. Mysterious is the providence which has thus snatched him away in the fullness of his strength and usefulness; but the Master in His infinite wisdom has called him from labor to reward, and we bow submissively to Him "who doeth all things well." We sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family and sorrowing church, and pray that all grace and consolation may abound toward them in this hour of desolation.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Mrs. Hulburd as an expression of the love and honor in which he was held by his brethren at the national capital.

J. H. J.

Washington, D. C., October 14, 1896.

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*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God, in his providence, to remove by death our honored brother in Christian work, Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D.; and,

*Whereas*, By this death the Methodist denomination in the State of Delaware has suffered the loss of one of its ablest and best pastors and the cause of Christ an ardent and faithful leader; be it therefore

*Resolved*, That the Delaware Baptist Union Association hereby extend to his family the heartfelt sympathy and sense of loss through this death, and that a copy of this motion be forwarded to his family.

By order of the Delaware Baptist Union Association.

D. T. FIROE, Clerk.

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At a meeting of the congregation of the First Unitarian Church, held Sunday, October 11, 1896, the following was passed:

It is with sorrow and a deep sense of loss that we have received the tidings of the death of Dr. Merritt Hulburd, a man who could ill be spared from his family, his church, and the community. Seldom do we see one who carried with him such a sense of power, such a broad charity, and who had, withal, such Christian gentleness and benignity. His loyalty and patriotism were undoubted, and he impressed all with whom he came in contact as one who could dignify and wear with honor the title of "good citizen;" therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the First Unitarian Church of this city, offer to his family and his church our profound sympathy, and share with many others not of his fold the sorrow and loss they have sustained.

J. B. CLARKSON, Chairman.

MARY DAVIS SISSON, Clerk.

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It is with great sorrow and a sense of deep regret that we, the Presbyterian ministers of the city of Wilmington, have heard of the death of the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D.; and we desire at this time to express

our sincerest sympathy with the church bereft of such a faithful and devoted minister, and with the widow and children in this hour of their sore bereavement.

And as we bow under this strange dispensation of God's providence we feel at the same time very deeply the loss of one who was a faithful co-worker with us in this Gospel ministry.

L. MARKS,	WM. FREDERICK LEWIS,
A. N. KEIGWIN,	WM. MACFARLAND,
J. R. MILLIGAN,	T. E. MONTGOMERY.
THOS. A. MCCURDY,	

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Action taken by Delaware Avenue Baptist Church on the death of Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., late pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church :

*Whereas*, The members of the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., late pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of this city ; and,

*Whereas*, The churches of our city, irrespective of denomination, have met with a great loss in the death of this noble man of God ; and,

*Whereas*, In the death of the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., Grace Methodist Episcopal Church has lost a faithful and efficient pastor, his family a devoted husband and father, and our community a broad and noble-minded citizen ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That Delaware Avenue Baptist Church desires at this time to extend to the members of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, and, through them, to the family of our late beloved brother, our tenderest and most heartfelt sympathy in this their great bereavement ; and our prayer is that God may fit them to bear their loss.

*Resolved*, That these preambles and resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy of the same, signed by the moderator of this meeting, and attested by the church clerk, be sent to the trustees of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church.

(Attest.) WM. A. WALLING, Moderator.

W. F. PIERCE, Church Clerk.

Wilmington, Del., October 21, 1896.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday morning, October 11, 1896, after many expressions of sympathy and sorrow, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

*Whereas*, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from this field of labor the beloved friend and worker in Christ's cause, Dr. Merritt Hulburd, and say unto him, "Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ;" and,

*Whereas*, His reward has resulted in an irreparable loss to his family and to the church with which he was officially connected, and to Methodism in general ; be it

*Resolved*, That we extend to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy, and point them to that only source of consolation which he has so often pointed out to others in time of great grief and sorrow. And further

*Resolved*, That we extend to our sister church a sympathy commensurate with the loss they have sustained, and rejoice that they were blessed with the presence of so good a minister for the period of his pastorate ; and,

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and to the official board of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church,

A. L. JOHNSON, Chairman of the Meeting.

SAML. H. BAYNARD, Secretary.

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*Whereas*, By divine Providence, Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., late pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, has been removed from this sphere of action through the dread agency of death ; and,

*Whereas*, Under divine guidance, Dr. Hulburd was a great help to us in our extreme necessity, laboring for our welfare in and out of season ; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we can but feebly express our loss by this sudden death, for we had looked upon his ministrations for us in connection with our pastor as a Godsend to this people and as a source of inspiration and power by which we have been enabled to move forward with a greater impetus under our heavy burdens.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in this their time of distress and grief, praying God's blessing upon them, and trust that they shall lean upon the arm of Him who has been so often held up to a suffering and benighted people by their late father and husband.



*Resolved*, That we also extend to the officials and membership of our parent church a sympathy only commensurate with their great loss, and for the sudden blow that has caused both parent church and its branch to weep together in a common cause.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family, to the official board of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church; that they be spread upon the minutes of this official board; and that they be published in one of the daily papers.

EPWORTH CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DEL.

Wilmington, Del., October 13, 1896.

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At a meeting of the official board of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, held October 12, 1896, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

*Whereas*, It has pleased our heavenly Father, the giver of life, both transitory and eternal, to remove from his work on earth our worthy brother and collaborer, Rev. Merritt Hulburt, S.T.D., pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church; and,

*Whereas*, It is but meet that this church organization should take official cognizance of his decease, and express to the community and to his bereaved family and congregation its grief and sympathy; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the official board of Union Methodist Episcopal Church, while recognizing the farseeing wisdom and limitless goodness of our heavenly Father, deplore the fact that he felt impelled to remove our deceased brother from his field of labor at a time when he was in the prime of life and in the full enjoyment of all those blessings which accompany a successful and congenial pastorate.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his sorrowing family our earnest sympathy and prayers, that they may be reconciled to the will of our heavenly Father, which has deprived them of a devoted husband and a loving father.

*Resolved*, That to the congregation of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, which has lost an earnest, able, eloquent, efficient, and untiring servant, we express the hope that it will secure to itself a worthy successor to its deeply-lamented pastor, who will take up the work where Brother Hulburt laid it down and prosecute it along the same broad lines of Christian love and charity, until it shall have reached its full fruition in that great Church above which has God for its pastor, and the beneficent influence of which is universal in extent.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the official board of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, and that they be spread upon the minutes of this church organization.

(Signed,) FRANK A. MITCHELL,  
ISAAC M. LENDERMAN,  
HOWARD H. MCDANEL,

Wilmington, Del., October 12, 1896.

Committee.

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Last Sunday, at the close of the morning service in Silverbrook Methodist Episcopal Church, the congregation unanimously adopted the following:

*Whereas*, Our heavenly Father in his wise providence has removed from our midst the Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., pastor of Grace Church; and,

*Whereas*, His unexpected death has resulted in an irreparable loss to his family and to the church with which he was officially connected, and to Methodism in general; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this their greatest trial, and pray that God's blessing may be upon them; and that he who guided our brother in all the affairs of life may sustain and keep them and bring them at last to meet again where parting will be no more.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

E. E. WHITE,

Pastor of Silverbrook Methodist Episcopal Church.

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At a special meeting of the "Glen Club" of Glens Falls, N. Y., the following minute was unanimously adopted:

The death of our distinguished and beloved associate, Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., creates a conspicuous vacancy in our membership and a painful sense of personal loss and bereavement.

His genial, manly, helpful, Christian influence and fellowship was a delightful feature of our annual outings, and contributed in large measure to the enjoyment of our Lake George vacations.

We admired his manly and rare social and intellectual qualities, and loved him for the large and true-heartedness which made him so attractive to all who knew him.

We shall miss him as we would the sunshine of many days gladdened by his companionship—days which will continue fragrant with delightful memories of our departed friend as fond recollection brings them to mind.

B. F. LAPHAM, President.

J. L. LONDON, Vice President.

E. T. JOHNSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

DR. T. J. HENNING,	N. R. GOURLEY,	WM. MCECHRON,
A. C. JOHNSON,	B. B. FOWLER,	HON. JEROME LAPHAM,
L. D. FERRISS,	R. H. MACCLELLAN,	MORTIMER LAPHAM,
J. M. COOLIDGE,	W. J. GUTHRIE,	S. A. HAYS.

November 21, 1896.

### Action of the General Missionary Committee :

At the meeting of the General Conference in May, 1896, Rev. Merritt Hulburd, D.D., was elected to represent the Second General Conference District in this General Missionary Committee. He never met with this Committee, having passed to his reward on October 10, 1896.

Dr. Hulburd was one of the foremost men of our Church, having for thirty years filled many of its most prominent pulpits.

Of vigorous personality, of commanding intellectual ability, of systematic habits of study, of rare pulpit and platform power, of sympathetic heart and generous soul, the Church honored him and he honored the Church, and made for himself a large place in her work for a generation of time. This General Missionary Committee makes record of its appreciation of the noble character and efficient services of this eminent servant of the Master.

(Signed,) JAMES M. KING,  
E. B. TUTTLE,  
D. F. PIERCE.

The Burlington District Preachers' Meeting, held at Manchester, Vt., October 19-20, appointed D. W. Gates, of Rutland, a committee to convey to the family of the late Rev. Merritt Hulburd, S.T.D., the warm sympathy of the preachers of the district. Dr. Hulburd belonged to our common

Methodism, and especially to the Troy Conference, in which he spent his boyhood days and the early years of his successful ministry. He was a large-hearted man of God, and we are saddened at his early call to his heavenly home. Our prayer is that his dear family may be abundantly sustained by the blessed Gospel he so faithfully preached.

D. W. GATES, Committee.

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Copy of resolutions adopted Sunday, November 1, 1896 in respect to the memory of Merritt Hulburd, by Grace Sunday School Association :

We loved him well, but God, our Father, in his omniscience, loved him best, and called to his reward our untiring, faithful minister and friend, Merritt Hulburd, October 10, 1896.

*Be it Resolved*, That we, the members of the Sunday School Association of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, do endeavor to express the loss which we have sustained, unbearable but for the consolation which is ours by the faith which beholds him to-day on the battlements of the heavenly city—forever with Him for whom he wrought so well—and beckoning us on to the home land of the soul.

We shall ever miss the genial, loving countenance and cordial "God bless you" which carried so much with it ; the energetic, fearless, marvelous expounding of the Holy Scriptures, and the little deeds of kindness which only those know who have needed help and comfort.

To the loving, devoted wife and cherished daughter and son we offer our deepest sympathy, praying that the Comforter of Bethany may be so present in their midst that the shades of sorrow may seem to be lifted higher, and yet higher, until in the Morning Land they shall greet him "whom they have loved and lost awhile."

*Be it further Resolved*, That a page on the Minutes of this Association be set apart for these resolutions, and that a copy be presented to the family.

(Signed,)

ENOCH MOORE,  
B. DENVER COPPAGE,  
CHARLES H. COOKMAN,  
JOHN S. MULLIN, JR.,

Committee.

CARROLL S. WEIR, Secretary.

CHARLES W. PUSEY, President.

Grace Chapter, Epworth League, Wilmington, Del., adopted the following paper:

Our minister, Merritt Hulburd, entered into rest October 10, 1896.

During two short years and a half we have loved with ever-deepening affection one who was a bulwark in the church and a pillar in the community, and now we have "lost awhile" that brave heart, that noble character, that princely life. Yet we recognize that our Father has called him to come up higher, and while our hearts are rent by the sundering of ties which we held precious, in acquiescence to the divine will of Him who doeth all things well, we leave him to the safer fold, the higher realm, the fuller service of his Lord.

We miss a genuine friend. Dr. Hulburd was the consecrated instrument in God's hands of communicating to us our Master's love, of revealing to us our duty, of inspiring us with greater zeal in service, and, indeed, like the great Paul, he was all things to all of us.

We, therefore, the members of Grace Chapter of the Epworth League do here acknowledge that which must necessarily be but an imperfect expression of our hearts, the deep appreciation which we feel of his labor among and with us, and his sincere interest in us, and pray that we may ever exemplify in our lives the Christlike zeal and tender sympathy which our minister manifested, and follow our Lord as he did.

To the beloved family we offer our deep sympathy and love, and bid them look through the clouds and mists of earth's pilgrim land to the sunshine and promised union in the Father's home.

"Servants of God!—or sons  
Shall we not call you? because  
Not as servants ye knew  
Your Father's innermost mind,  
His, who unwillingly sees  
One of his little ones lost—  
Yours is the praise, if mankind  
Hath not yet in its march  
Fainted, and fallen, and died.  
Ye like angels appear,  
Radiant with ardor divine!  
Beacons of hope ye appear!  
Languor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not on your brow.

Ye alight in our van ! at your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away.  
Ye move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
Praise, reinspire the brave.  
Order, courage, return,  
Eyes rekindling and prayers  
Follow your steps as ye go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On to the bound of the waste,  
On to the city of God."



## A Few Tributes

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DR. MERRITT HULBURD.

IN the death of Merritt Hulburd the city of Wilmington has sustained an irreparable loss, Grace Church sits in mourning, and you and I lament a friend departed. In him a prince in Israel has fallen ; a man whom the King delighted to honor is dead.

I have asked myself the question, "What is life?" To me it seems like a tributary stream. Finding its source in the thought of the Creator, it flows on through the environment of time, and finally is received into the shoreless ocean of eternity.

The mysteries of life few may understand ; the mysteries of death confront us ever. The young babe falls asleep in the arms of its mother with hardly a waking breath ; youth, like a budding flower, is often nipped before its bloom ; manhood and womanhood, in the strength of young years, like fruit too early ripened, drop lifeless from the branches ; middle age, crowned with rich achievement and reaching toward yet better things, stops its heartbeats with work seemingly undone ; old age sits in the deepening twilight close to the dawning of the eternal morning.

Death is the one universal experience. We are born, we live, we die, but we shall live again—the mystery is God's, the hope is ours.

We pause to-day from our accustomed service and reverently lift our voices in memory of one so lately the beloved shepherd of this flock.

Dr. Hulburd possessed a noble nature, combining in rare degree strong, masterful forces with a sweet, all-prevailing simplicity that made him the lover and beloved of all with whom he came in contact. His wise counsel, his lofty exhortations to the uppermost in life, his gentle, winning, helpful kindliness, the impulse he gave toward righteousness, have left an ineffaceable record on our hearts, and, I trust, have inspired our minds to higher planes of thought and our lives to sweeter consciousness of Christ.

Rarely indeed are blended in one man the characteristics which made this man great—a veritable pillar of strength. In him was found the sweetness and fellowship of the lamented Stevenson, the piety and devotion of Cookman and Dobbins, the homiletics of Todd, the scholarly dignity of Boyle, the passion and power of Smith and Miller, and an individual charm all his own—representing colossal forces which, unsparing

of self, he hurled like an avalanche upon this community, arousing, in unequaled measure, good men to action and putting evil, in high places or low, to shame.

As a pulpit orator he was powerful. I have heard many noted preachers with profit and with pleasure, but I have frequently remarked that in trenchant thought and resistless sweep Dr. Hulburd had no superior in the pulpit within the scope of my acquaintance, and when that deliberate thinker, Dr. Upham, of Drew, declared, on the day of the funeral, that our pastor was the greatest preacher he had ever heard, I felt that not my affection alone, but my judgment, had placed him on this same high pinnacle.

Who that heard him in his early ministry here will forget the overwhelming passion of his philippics against the saloon and the corruption of the suffrage; who would forget, if they could, the patriotic uplift when he spoke of flag and home and country; who would yield the fine impulse of his exhortations toward the highest; who remained unaffected as he told, with exquisite pathos, the wondrous, olden story of the cross?

But to me he was not less marked in the commoner sphere of daily life, perhaps the severest test of greatness. Whether he was greeting a child or encouraging some lowly one, or fraternally accosting his compeers, he ever exhibited the touch of that power which made him respected and beloved by all, while in his own home he was simply enthroned in the hearts of his family.

His ready adaptability found him at ease with youth and age; his far-reaching sympathy inspired the suffering and encouraged the despondent; his liberality in faith broke down the barriers of creed and hailed every seeker after truth as friend and brother; his unselfish and efficient aid was given for the asking whenever the service of God and humanity demanded it.

Such a life cannot be measured by the inches which span a man's height, cannot be measured by the years which time marks off.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart;"

and these Dr. Hulburd possessed.

Dead? No! No! It is true that the weary head has been laid to rest, but it is resting on the breast of the world's Redeemer. It is true the tired heart has ceased to beat, but, like the bursting chrysalis, the mortal has put on immortality, and the disembodied spirit is basking in the sunlight, in the God-light, on the other side, while here he still lives in the memory of untold ministrations.

Miss him? Yes, we shall miss the splendid reach and grasp of his nature and the spiritual forces which dominated his life; we shall miss the kindly greeting in his home and church; we shall miss his genial salutation on the street; we shall miss his counsel, tender and helpful—these evidences of his personal presence have passed away, but he will surely abide in the hearts and memories of those to whom he was endeared, and the consolation remains to those who loved him, as they set their faces toward the lengthening shadows, that in the afterwhile, when the “silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the fountain,” the pain of earthly parting all over, reunion, hallowed and sweet, awaits.

“Death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sign nor sound our ears can reach;  
But there is an inward spiritual speech  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.  
It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again.”

Pastor, friend, comrade, good night; when eternal day dawns for us we shall bid thee good morning.

FRANCIS W. HEISLER.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The writer's personal acquaintance with the late Dr. Hulburt began when he was pastor of Spring Garden Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. But years before, when Dr. Hulburt was a member of the famous Troy Praying Band, the writer knew of him through those who afterward became mutual personal friends.

It would seem needless to say to those who knew Dr. Hulburt that the acquaintance spoken of speedily ripened into warm friendship. No one could know the man and not become his friend. To know him was to love him.

As a man he had in a preeminent degree all the finer qualities of manhood. He was manly, noble, genuine, and true-hearted. His was a type of manhood of which his friends were justly proud.

As a leader he was capable, fearless, determined, enthusiastic, and of large faith. Obstacles but served to excite his hope and inflame his zeal.

As a friend he was tender and true without ostentation. His friendship was constant as the needle to the pole.

As a preacher he possessed a most enviable combination of gifts. He had the logic of the reasoner with the overmastering sweep of the orator's emotion. He could be as informal and direct as rugged Lyman Beecher, and as gentle in spirit and beautiful in expression as the sainted Summerfield. There was in his preaching a happy blending of the intellectual and emotional. But that which lent to his preaching its abiding charm was his rugged honesty, transparent sincerity, and hearty, manly sympathy. He longed to do men good. He craved the souls of his auditors rather than their praise. To know that his sermons comforted in sorrow, strengthened and aided men and women in the grip and grapple of life, was to him an unction from on high.

His domestic and pastoral life needs no eulogium. It was in the truest sense ideal. In the home he was tender, thoughtful, and companionable. His image is enshrined in the hearts he loved. His memory with them is imperishable. In his pastoral relations he thoroughly identified himself with the members of his flock. None "could be sick or sorry" without evoking a thrill of responsive sympathy from his great heart.

It seems to me, his friend, that his taking off was as ideal as his life. With him there was no lingering illness filled with dreary days and weary nights because the inevitable messenger delayed his coming; he ceased at once to work and live. From the vanguard of the Lord's hosts, out of the very midst of the battle, while mist and smoke still hung the horizon round, and while he, eager and anxious for the fray, pressed hard after the form of his beloved Master, the summons came: "It is enough, come up higher."

Do our hearts to-day press the question, Why this seemingly untimely call? We must postpone the answer till the "day dawn appear and the shadows flee away."

Could his familiar voice speak to us to-day from out the eternal spaces it would echo the sweet lines of Tennyson, repeated to the writer a few weeks before his final departure:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark."

His faith in Providence and his creed of life could enable him to say in the quaint words of an old poet :

“ Life ! we’ve been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear ;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not ‘ Good night,’ but in some brighter clime  
Bid me ‘ Good morning.’ ”

His work is well done. He did a vast amount of it. May God inspire the church he loved so well to carry that work forward to a glorious fruition !

ROBERT WATT.

## Two Sermons by Dr. Hulburt

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STENOGRAPHIC report of a sermon preached at Glens Falls, N. Y., August 30, 1896, at the morning service :

“ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time : also He hath set the world in their heart.”—Eccles. iii, 11.

The progress of knowledge but impresses us with the marvelous unity which pervades not only the world around us, but the universe of which it is a part. And the increase of knowledge but intensifies the desire to know. Lord Bacon, commenting upon the passage which I have selected for my text, said : “ Solomon declares, quite obscurely, that God hath framed the mind of man as a mirror, capable of the image of the invisible world, joyfully to receive it, as the eye joyeth to receive the light ; that God has made the heart of man after the fashion of a mirror, which, though small, may nevertheless catch and reflect the light of a whole sun.” Dean Stanley, at the funeral of Livingstone, made use of this language : “ God has built the world, separating it by mountains and seas, as if He intended men to live apart ; and then He has implanted in the mind of man a thirst for discovery, for investigation, for exploration, and an unquenchable desire to know all that can be known of the world in which he lives ; and as this desire takes shape in action all difficulties vanish and the ends of the earth are brought together.” The nations that were set apart are reunited by the subtle flash of the electric spark underneath the wide wastes of the sea ; we are brought into such living and loving contact that we speak with each other on the instant ; that mountains may rear themselves to separate us, and yet such is the desire for reunion, for exploration, and for investigation, that the mountains are as nothing before the enterprise of man. Then, there is given a facility for acquiring knowledge in the fact of the unity of this world and of the universe, and of the laws which pervade it ; that there is a uniformity upon which we may depend, so that that which is a law in physics here is the law in physics yonder, in the farthest starry orb that leaps the almost inestimable and inexpressible vastness of space between us ; so that if we can discover what is the law of an atom of matter here we can discover what is the law of an atom of matter in yonder planet. That being the case, then the law of gravitation is the same here and the same in the farthest planet of the universe

that comes within the scope of our investigation ; then chemistry, as applied to the union of elements and the production of certain results, can demonstrate to a certainty what are the metals that are burning in the fiery vortices of yonder sun, and it can only do that because the law is the same in the sun as in the world in which we live. God has provided the whole universe with a testimony of His love of order and of law in the universe. He has made all things beautiful in their time. Order, law, reigns supreme on every hand, and every enterprise of man, every development of his heart, every progress of science, is predicated upon this fact, the faithfulness of nature upon every hand.

Now that with reference to matter, to the material world in which we live ; but the thought takes an upward leap from that point and takes in the infinite and the eternal, and the intimations of immortality that are in the mind of man are sufficient to demonstrate the fact that man if he die shall live again. So that, without reference to revelation now, this morning, just as if, by common consent, we did not believe that word at all, as if it were no more to us than the marvelous genius of Shakespeare, or the production of the mind of a mere man, no matter how great ; dismissing that Bible for a little, I advocate the affirmation that there is something within us that demonstrates as clearly as any fact that can come to the mind of man the fact of man's immortality ; that God, or whoever made us, call him by whatever name you like, that the Being who made us has made us with certain laws and prophecies and intimations within us that we are to live forever. It remains then that God has put within us, within the mind of man, a revelation of the unseen and the eternal.

But I want, as a further preliminary, to call your attention to a significant fact that lies in this very text itself : it is the word " world," which is in the second member of the text. If you have your reference Bible with you, you will find that in the margin there is a leader note that inserts the word " eternity " in the place of it. " He hath made every thing beautiful in his time ; He hath set eternity in their heart." Now, the simple history of that leader note reading is just this : that the revisers, the English committee of revision, inserted the word, insisting that the word " world " should go into the body of the text, and that the word " eternity " should go into the margin ; whereas the American committee were of the opinion that the word " eternity " was the more legitimate and proper rendering of the term itself. Now, then, I take that word and that suggestion for the body and determinate element of my thought this morning.

You carry your mathematics into the still and starry sky ; you carry your chemistry into the revelation of the material world. You look at a



camera obscura, and you shall find there comprised within a very slight space a reflection and reproduction of a vast area. I remember one which is located in a city by the sea, which has been the summer home of many of us. You enter a room that is darkened, and at your first entrance the darkness seems utter, absolute; but as you become a little accustomed to that darkness you see before you a white disk, say, about three feet in diameter; and looking at that white disk intently, when the mechanical adjustment is perfect, you see reproduced those twin cities by the sea. Every house is there, every person whose person is not concealed by some of the buildings is reproduced; his movements, accurately and absolutely, though in miniature, are reproduced there. You see the swell and ebb and flow of the mighty sea, as it pours its tides at your feet. Twelve miles in circumference are produced in miniature on that little disk scarcely three feet across.

Now, that reflects the thought which is in my mind of the mind of man. And that has been the objection of the philosophers, that the mind of man, being finite, could not at all apprehend the infinite; that the mind of man, being limited, could not at all touch the absolute; and that has been the dictum of philosophy, which, to the minds of a good many, has been a sufficient answer to all the claims that Christianity sets up, that in the nature of things man cannot know anything about God and cannot know anything about eternity because he is finite and that is infinite; he is limited and that is absolute. Now, that disk is only three feet in diameter, and yet twelve miles in area are reproduced upon it. By a parity of reasoning I say that, while the mind of man may not comprehend the infinite and absolute, it can apprehend it. You will take the smallest pool of water on which the golden glory of this August sun shines this morning, and if you look into that pool of water when the angle of refraction is just right you will see there perfectly reproduced all that wondrous sun that shines in the great heaven, and yet the pool is, so to speak, infinitesimal, while the sun is almost infinite in comparison; and yet there it is. The sun is reproduced in that pool.

Now, that is the picture of my thought, that the mind of man contains the power to apprehend the infinite, and then to reproduce for itself the intimations and revelations of that infinite. And those revelations take two forms; they take the form of space and time, and these project themselves around our thought and are a part of our intuition. Astronomy gives us the idea of space. David stood on the plains of Bethlehem and cried, "When I consider Thy heavens, [which are] the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;

what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" And yet David could see only about three thousand stars, and with the appliances that are in our hands we look far beyond the remotest star whose beam fell on David's eye that night, and see world on world, distances on distances, that make us dizzy with their contemplation when expressed only by way of abstract figures; and yet do you know that no telescope has ever been made with power enough to unfold, to disclose to us such spaces as suggest limit? and when we have penetrated as far as our eye and these appliances to aid the eye could reach, we have asked ourselves, What is beyond? So I say that, in the matter of space, the mind of man has an apprehension which is beyond all limit. So the mind of man does apprehend something which is infinite. But another thing: geology has given us revelations in the matter of time. It has shown us the work of God's hands in the dim and distant ages so remote that all the apprehensions of the past ages as to the lapse of time are swallowed up and become as nothing before the millions of protozoa that have recorded their track and trace upon the strata of the globe. There is an ambition, however, in the mind of man that goes back of all these years, and man asks himself what was before it. There is an ambition, too, concerning the ages to come; but man's mind is never content with any limit set up. He may think of age on age, of millions of years, and yet he is saying to himself, What after that? He is never satisfied with space or with time, for there is something within him that seeks the infinite and that speaks of the infinite. He asks himself, Who made all these? And then there come various answers. Men make answer, saying that these are the corrections and evolutions of law; that there is a power and a potency within matter itself for evolving these shapes and these powers. Law? What is law but the expression of will, and who has the will that lies back of that expression? Men talk about evolution, and the declaration which they make concerning evolution is itself foolishness beside even the cosmogony of the Hindu, who says that the world rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant rests on the back of a tortoise, and the tortoise rests on a snake; and if you ask him what the snake rests on, he then only insists that you are pursuing your inquiries too far. That is wisdom beside the declaration made by the so-called scientist of our time, who affirms that evolution is sufficient to account for all things as they exist. Man might as well affirm that it was possible that all the marvelous witchery of Shakespeare had come by some law imparted and implanted within types, and that those types had accidentally taken shape in the witchery and wisdom of that marvelous poet of nature. No, the simplest

and easiest thing, and most satisfactory to the mind of man, is that back of the intricacy and wisdom is somebody who is all-wise, and that this is the work of his hands. Chemistry tells us that the atom, so far as that atom is disclosable by the most delicate instruments that can be applied, shows marks of the workman's tool upon it. Who was the workman?

Eternity is in my heart, and it rejects the absurdities of materialism. I cannot persuade myself that this is all. There are vast arrangements of my being that have no use, that get no explanation, if I consider simply the material side of things. There are rooms in my being that are never entered, that are voiceless and silent until the spirit walks therein, and I open those chambers to none but God. They were made for sanctifications, and they are never entered otherwise. I find myself locked up on the combination of eternity. There is nothing that will unlock the recesses of my heart and of my mind but eternity.

I look at the building of a ship; I see its peculiar conformation, the curved lines that it follows, and at length it is completed. I enter it; I see there are the appliances for the comfort of man's living. And then I go outside and ask what this is for. I am told that this is for the purpose of transporting merchandise and carrying men. But, I say, then it is a mistake, this thing never can be moved; if it is moved it will only be moved a little way on these ways. You could not get power enough to drag this thing on land. It is a mistake if this was made for locomotion; but they tell me to wait a little, and by and by, when the time is right, I see that timber removed, and the blocks removed, and at length with a graceful sweep and movement she slides down into what seems to be her native element, and the all-embracing waters welcome her to their arms, and then I can understand the ship.

“ Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
Which brought us hither—  
Can in a moment travel thither—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

You and I have not been in eternity, but you and I conceive ourselves to have been built for something other than this world. Why, it takes another world to explain this. You cannot understand this world without the other. Take a man who thinks of life as being all swallowed up and embraced in this life, and see what his conclusions are. He says this world

was made to be all and end all of man, and therefore I will spend my time in accumulating; it was made to be a scene of man's pleasure, and therefore I will take my pleasure; and he goes at it. He begins to accumulate, but some adverse fortune sweeps away the accumulations of his lifetime, and he says, "All things are against me;" he seeks social fellowship, but some are very false, and he sighs "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" and he says, "This is a mistake; wherefore hast Thou made all mankind in vain?" But let him take another view. Let him relate this world to the world to come. Let him look at this world as being a school, in which he is to be disciplined and developed and prepared, and then yonder as being the scene and sphere of the final and full fruition of his whole lifetime, and then he can understand it. Considered as a school, this is the best possible world. I haven't any patience with those men who are everlastingly complaining of this world and calling it a howling wilderness. It is the best world you ever saw. It is the best world you ever will see, unless you use this world to a better purpose. I have no patience, I say, with men who complain of this world. It is a beautiful world; the best possible world for a school; it is the best possible world for a training house; it is not the best possible world for a man who expects to get everything here, for it is full of disappointment, it has its difficulties, it has its trials. If a man were going to live in it forever I could make a better world than this (I say it reverently), if I had the power to execute my own will and choice. But no man could make a better world in which to train men for heaven. God could not make a better world than this. It is for discipline, that is a part of it; it is for trial, that is a part of it. But when I consider that this is only the anteroom, that this is only the preparation, and that beyond, in the reaches and stretches of the vast hereafter, parted hands shall clasp again in the light of the eternal and heavenly life, tell me that, and then I can understand this world, and it cannot be understood on any other explanation or hypothesis than this.

Eternity is in my heart, and therefore I cannot be satisfied with this. Change is all about me, but change does not affect identity. I stand in the midst of changes that have changed your faces, that have clothed with the hoarfrost of many winters your heads. I stand with the changes that fifty years have brought upon me, and yet there is an identity which has survived all those changes, an identity which perfectly relates me to the little lad playing around the parsonage fire forty or fifty years ago; it is the same, though all else is changed. With Job I can say that "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon

the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Secretary Herbert, in an address recently delivered in the presence of young men, and well adapted to their thought, said, "There are now, as there have been in the past, men who would tear forever from the heart of man all Christian hope, and leave him to contemplate the inequality of human condition, who would rob the grief-stricken widow and orphan of the solace of religion." Tom Paine thought he was doing so a hundred years ago, but his *Age of Reason* has taken its place in the limbo of forgotten things, when Christianity is conquering the world. Such faith, or unfaith, will not stand the test of the contemplation of the future and the introspection of oneself. Let there come upon us those changes in life that affect our social relations. We may have been equable in temperament, we may have been contented in fortune, we may have been surrounded by the comforts of life, but how little it takes to turn them into the bitterness of sorrow ; and yet I say to you that their turning into the bitterness of sorrow has been the thing which has corrected your notion concerning the other world. You have thought little about it, but one day there was opened a fresh grave, one day there was laid away in it a friend that you would not keep from it, though you loved it as you loved the light of your own eyes ; but with the sound of the first clod down on the casket there was an intimation to you that that was not all. You have not lost forever the friend, the lover of your heart. No. We cannot persuade ourselves that this is all. In the midst of our loneliness and sorrow we demand that there shall be something else.

One of the ancient manuscripts that has survived the changes of nature and has furnished instruction to scholars is a manuscript copy of the Christian Scriptures, and has as an appellation "Manuscript C." It is written on parchment, and by some process or other a new surface was created, and new writing was made upon that same surface. The last writing was of little or no account, but by a process known to chemistry that surface was cleared away, and there they found underlying it the record of God's word and an ancient manuscript of the Christian Scriptures.

My friends, you have taken and treated your hearts in that fashion. God has written His wisdom upon them, but you have resurfaced it ; you have written over it your accounts, that story of your pleasures, the record of your mortal lives ; but down underneath, and peeping up through those records, now and again there come the eternal revelations of God's written word upon your mind and heart. God has set eternity in our hearts, and

our hearts themselves, like the needle and the pole, tremble alway until they are fixed upon that, their proper center, and, as Augustine said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts have never rest until they rest in Thee."

God has set eternity in our hearts, and we are not satisfied with matter or time. There are some who live in an atmosphere of unbelief, who grow trivial and frivolous and thoughtless and careless, but in our inner hearts and deeper feelings there is a witness to the eternal truth of God. Men do not like to think of God and eternity, but they are not satisfied until they do. Shakespeare asks,

"Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But, come to experience; some of us have tried both sides. We have tried living for this world and its disappointments and its short-lived pleasures and its anxiety, and we have tried the other. We have yielded our hearts to His service and our minds to the contemplation of His truth. We have found ourselves sweetly solaced in the midst of our sorrow by His revelation of the fact, "I am the resurrection and the life." It is not satisfactory to be a voyager on an unknown sea and to be as that arch infidel declared himself most pathetically to be: "I sail an unknown sea; I know not whence, I know not whither; and I have no acquaintance with the Captain." Thank God, brethren, we know whence we came, for God has written His own witness in our hearts. We know whither we are going, and we have an acquaintance with the Captain, and

"The Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells us we are born of God."

Finally, my brethren, there is in the mind and heart of man an analogy which we may daily follow. There is in the world a law of correspondences. There are complementary forces to be found everywhere. We look at the eye of man, so marvelously constituted, so wisely adjusted to the purpose of sight; but what would the eye be without the light? God made man with an appetite, and he has made man to grow wherever man may live. He has increased the families upon the face of the earth, and he is inspired by discoveries, and develops the fertility of the soil until He gives seed to the sower, and bread to the hungry.



There is eternity in my heart. It is unthinkable that He who made me should have put eternity in my heart and not have furnished eternity for my heart. Whence this longing after immortality? Whence this painful peering into the shadows that hover above us? Ah, this is the God-implanted instinct that makes us yearn and long for the life to come. Your hearts shall live forever, saith the inspired writer. Whence is it, and to what does that respond, that makes the fishes in the sea come back with unfailing regularity to the stream where they were spawned? How is it that yonder martin a little while ago forsook the house your care and thought had reared for him? What is it that will bring back that martin, in the fullness of another year, to the place where he was nested, to the home where he was housed? Shall there be an instinct in the fish of the sea, in the bird of the air, in the beast of the field, that brings it back to its home, and no instinct in your heart and mine that will unfailingly bring them back to the God from which they came and to the home which He has designed and desired for us? You mind, I have not referred to the revelation of this book. Life and immortality are brought to me here, but I have not referred to this. I am only seeking to interpret our heart to us when I say that the still, sweet music of humanity is the intimation of immortality, the melodious music that echoes over the hills and far away.

They tell us, on the shores of Brittany, that the fishermen claim that at certain conditions of the tides they hear the sound of bells beneath the sea, and that long years ago a city by the sea sunk beneath its waves; that now, in favorable conditions, the bells that hung aforetime in the towers of the churches that are now below the sea send out their peal. Ah, my brethren, if you and I will listen, listen in the pauses of our toil, listen in the pauses of our anxiety and care, we shall hear the bells that are themselves sounding on the hills of God; they are welcoming to a blessed hope of everlasting life in the kingdom toward which we hasten. Eternity is in our heart; we cannot escape it. But without eternity what do we carry out of this world? Men quote that Scripture, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Ah, my brethren, we cannot carry out what we have, but we do carry out what we are. As the tree falls so it shall lie. Yes; but as the tree leans so it shall fall. By the brilliance of your immortality, by the blackness of a lost and wasted life that has made no preparation for the life to come, by your own inheritance in the eternal life, I beseech you, live for that eternity, so that when we shall end these toils there shall come welcoming us the chorus of the redeemed, the fellowship of God's people in the light of the eternal and heavenly life.



Stenographic report of a sermon preached at Glens Falls, August 30, 1896, at evening service:

"I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."—John xvii, 4.

A foreign writer has said that the god of the Americans is success; that we are accustomed to compare as follows: On, honor, honest; and that we put the emphasis on the positive rather than on the superlative; that to get on is of more importance than to get honor, and to get honor is of more consequence than to get honest. That is, undoubtedly, a libel upon our national character, and yet it is possible that we, and not we alone, put too much emphasis on success. For there is a success which costs too much, and there is an end of life which does not contemplate so much achievement as effort, which does not put so much emphasis on attainment as on desert, but it is the privilege and duty of everyone to deserve success, and then, whether it come or not, one can live his life and go out of this life and face whatever issues there may be in the other world without a tremor.

The life of the man of this text, judged by any human standpoint, was a failure; a frank, flat failure. The life of Christ on the earth is the apotheosis of failure. If you gauge it by any human standpoint, His is simply the story of defeat. Consider what He came for; He came the ambassador of the powers of the other world to treat with men, and men said, "We have no king but Cæsar." He came the Prince of the kings of the earth, and they said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." He came the great companion and helper, and He Himself seemed to have been forsaken of men and of God; and He died in the desolateness and loneliness of one who seemed to have none to stand by Him. He came to found a Church and kingdom, and yet He wrote no line; He gathered no school, and in the hour of His supreme agony the men who had been closest to Him all forsook Him and fled. Failure, utter, absolute failure, is the story of the life of Christ from a human standpoint. The best that men could say of Him when He was dying was, "He meant well; He saved others; but Himself He could not save." And yet as you listen to the story of that text it seems not a wail of defeat. There seems to be the expression of confidence of an assured success on the part of the man who, dying at thirty-three years of age, said, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do," and, indeed, as you study the life of Christ, He seems to have discounted all this. They clamored against Him, but He says, "Mine hour is not yet come," and He walks among them unscathed.

They take up stones to stone Him, and He disappears out of their sight. Without haste; indeed, so deliberately does He move that He passes a blind man on His way, when the rabble and mob are at His heels, but not so hurriedly but that He can stop and heal the blind man as He passes. You find every step and stage of His life a life of haste, but not a life of hurry. You hear Him to-day, and "to-morrow I must go into such a city." You hear Him say at another time, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is called to-day." And yet every single step of his career is a step of deliberation. It is said of him, "He must needs go through Samaria." Why? You cannot find in topography, you cannot find in geography, any reason for His going through Samaria. You must go to the well of Samaria, to the outcast woman of Samaria, to the healing, helping Christ, before you can find the reason why He must go through Samaria in order to go to Tyre and Sidon.

And now He is dying at thirty-three years of age; a kind of death over which men rear a broken column, if they think it worthy of a monument at all. There is failure and disappointment, but He says even at that time, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do," and on the cross it seems the echo of that Gospel as He cries, "It is finished," and gives up the ghost.

Now, it is my desire, for a little to-night, to explain this apparent paradox; to reconcile these apparent contradictions in this life, and also to suggest the fact that, even in the reconciliation of these apparent contradictions, this life itself is a type of our life, and offers a suggestion concerning our duty.

In the first place, we shall find an explanation of the calm deliberateness with which He moves, of the serene assurance with which He speaks, of the confidence with which He lays down His life, if we consider the fact that His life from the beginning He contemplated and realized as the plan of God. See how early that began! It was at twelve years of age that the child Jesus was found by His wistful mother in the temple, who expostulated with Him concerning the delay, and He answers her: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" The boy of twelve conceives duty in the light of a divine ideal, and addresses himself thus early to the task of life. Once again He says, as already quoted, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me; I must work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." He stands in the presence of John the Baptist demanding baptism, and when John demurs and pronounces himself unworthy, He says, "Suffer it to be so now, for so it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." You see that life could be ended

early, and yet could be complete, because it began early. He contemplated life as a plan, as a duty, and addressed Himself to that plan early in life.

You who are older remember to have watched the grandmother as she sat in the nook, knitting, knitting. And occasionally, as her dim sight failed her, she looked over her work and said, "I must have dropped a stitch there." And in the knitting of this mystic web of life there are multitudes of our young people who drop stitches that the ages will never let them take up again. "Time enough for that," multitudes are saying; "I must have my fling as a youth. Religion is all very well for people to consider who are old and who are drawing near to death; but as for me, I must have my fling." And the fling of the early lives of many men leaves dropped stitches that old age or tears cannot restore. Only he who begins saying, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business," can say, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Carlyle has said, "The latest gospel is to know thy work and do it." Every man has been sent into this world of God. If we could get hold of that idea, that we have not come at our own behest, we have not come here because we chose; we are God-sent, God-guided into this world; and God never sent a man into this world without sending his work with him and the tools with which to do it. But the indefiniteness, the indecision, the undeterminateness of life are what wreck so many lives. Men sail without asking whither. What would you think of the captain of a steamer, hailed by a passing ship, "Whither?" whose answer would be "Nowhere; just drifting?" And yet there are multitudes of lives that are drifting. They have no point toward which they are constantly bearing, carrying their valuable cargo toward the final market; they are simply drifting. Life has no plan, no purpose, no definiteness, and therefore life is a failure. What is the plan of life? It is the will of God concerning us. And God has His will for every man of us. It is not so much the kind of work as it is that it is God's will concerning us. It is not the pulpit. This pulpit and the work of preaching the Gospel is no more God's will concerning me than the toil of your hands may be God's will concerning you; and if you be in the line of God's will, however hard, however apparently menial the service, it is as sacred as that duty that ever turned a leaf or bore a message for God. What was it that overran Asia and only stopped at the door of Rome? It was not the sword of Mohammed. It was that the sword of Mohammed had upon the mind and conscience of the people back of it the idea that God wills it. God has His plan for every man, and I do profess I have absolute sympathy with the idea that God is

sovereign, and that you and I must respect the sovereignty of God in His plans concerning us. Any man is invincible who gets into God's groove.

William of Orange said concerning himself, frail in body, threatened on every hand by enemies that were as secret as the grave and subtle in their approaches as the serpent at the heel—William of Orange said, "God calls me, and I must work until that work be accomplished." Oliver Cromwell said, "Lord, Thou art my witness. If I desire to live, it is that I may carry out Thy will concerning me;" and Oliver Cromwell made his march over crumbling thrones because he had linked his cause with the cause of God and of humanity. Columbus, as he turned the prow of his vessel into that unknown sea, following out a dream of his life, said, "Man is an instrument in the hand of God, and cannot be broken until God's will concerning him is accomplished." Nothing is created in vain, and the fever and unrest of multitudes of our fellow-men is simply because they have never found out the work of life and addressed themselves to it.

Men say, I can understand how God should have His plan concerning William of Orange, by the which he proposes opposition to the mighty power of Rome; I can understand how God should have His plan concerning Oliver Cromwell, by the which he should put down tyranny and reinstate humanity; I can understand how God should have a purpose concerning Christopher Columbus, by the which he should lift the lost Atlantic from the depths of the sea and give a hemisphere to humanity; but, Ah, what am I? I am not a William of Orange; I am not an Oliver Cromwell; I am obscure and insignificant. Let us remind ourselves that God can as well get along without the most gigantic figure that ever stalked across the stage of human life as He can get along without the smallest integer of humanity. When we consider the vastness of the universe, an atom is of as much consequence as an asteroid. It is not a matter of bigness, it is a matter of fitness; it is not a matter of extension, it is a matter of intention; it is not how much we cover, but how loyally, steadfastly, and faithfully we address ourselves to the tasks of life.

"There is nothing great," said a philosopher, "there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind," and if for mind you substitute the soul, then heap worlds on worlds, one soul outweighs them all. God would not put forth His finger to stay a staggering world, and worlds have burned out like the moon, and He made no effort to stop them; but when a soul wanders, then "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

You may remember, possibly, a sermon that very likely has had as

much influence upon the mind and thought of the generation to which I belong as any other sermon preached in our time, and it was that sermon of Bushnell's, in which he affirms "Life a plan of God." I remember, as illustrating exactly this idea, a story in the old reading books that place the time forty years ago. You may recollect it, some of you. It is a story of a witless lad, a little fellow whose mind seemed to have been darkened, and there was just one phrase that was the refrain of his every speech, and he wandered through the streets of the village half regarding, but his every utterance was, "God has His plan for every man." The Tyrol was beset by the Austrian, jealous of the spirit of freedom that lived like the eagle among the cliffs, and the Tyrolese had laid their plans for watch-fires on every mountain height, so that at the approach of the enemy somebody charged with the duty should fire a beacon until the Tyrol was ablaze as an indication of the approach of the enemy. It fell on a day a holiday in the Tyrol, and everybody was interested in the amusements. They were gathered in their villages, celebrating the fête day, but the little witless lad wandered on the mountains. The little fellow caught sight of the red coat of an Austrian skulking through the edge of the forest, and, hastening, touched the match, and instantly the light of a beacon leaped into the air with its warning signal to the people; but the Austrian soldier caught sight of the lad who gave the warning, and a musket ball pierced his side, and he fell. But he had done his work; he had sent out the signal, he had rallied the people, and the Austrian tyrant was driven back before the face of the freedom-loving Tyrolese. They found the lad as he lay by the beacon, and he was dying. The current of his lifeblood ebbed fast. There came a light into the eye of the dying, witless boy, and as the light that never was on sea or shore flashed upon his already paling face his dying utterance was, "God has his plan for every man;" and the witless lad had saved the Tyrol.

But it is not a matter of sturdy, stalwart strength; it is not a matter of brain, brilliancy of intellect, breadth of knowledge, grasp of apprehension; it is simply a matter of obedience to duty, conceiving our lives in the light of a divine ideal, and then doing, if the heavens fall, steadfastly, loyally walking in the way of the plan. Well has Helen Hunt sung for us this song:

" Like a blind spinner in the sun  
I tread my days;  
I know that all the threads will run  
Appointed ways;  
I know each day will bring its task,  
And, being blind, no more I ask.

“ I do not know the use or name  
Of that I spin ;  
I only know that some one came,  
And laid within  
My hand the thread, and said, ‘ Since you  
Are blind, but one thing you can do.’

“ Sometimes the threads so rough and fast  
And tangled fly,  
I know wild storms are sweeping past,  
And fear that I  
Shall fall ; but dare not try to find  
A safer place, since I am blind.

“ I know not why, but I am sure  
That tint and place  
In some great fabric to endure  
Past time and race  
My threads will have ; so from the first,  
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

“ I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung  
From one short word  
Said over me when I was young,—  
So young, I heard  
It, knowing not that God’s name signed  
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

“ But whether this be seal or sign,  
Within, without,  
It matters not. The bond divine  
I never doubt,  
I know He set me here, and still,  
And glad, and blind, I wait His will ;

“ But listen, listen, day by day,  
To hear their tread  
Who bear the finished web away,  
And cut the thread,  
And bring God’s message in the sun,  
‘ Thou poor blind spinner, work is done.’

Some one has said, “We are not the sources of ourselves.” Thank God we are not the sources of ourselves. Thank God, He who is the



source of our inspiration, of the strength with which we labor, of the brain with which we think—thank God, He is also our guide and helper in life. What we do may seem insignificant; the place we are set in may seem to be humble; but if it is God's place for us it is grander than a throne. You sow a seed and go your way, long years may intervene, and you may never eat of the fruit of the tree you plant; but if the generation to come shall sit under its shade and eat its luscious fruit, that is your reward. There are great men who are living their lives standing on the high pedestal of their achievement in the eye of the world, and yet if you trace back, feeling along the influences that have made their lives what they are, you may come back on some humble, obscure woman; a Sunday school teacher may have taught in faithfulness, and labored for God, and this is its product.

You have heard of the Earl of Shaftesbury; you have known of his work and service to humanity as a philanthropist and statesman, and yet the Earl of Shaftesbury was wont at times to take out of his pocket a poor, mean, dented, cheap, almost worthless silver watch, of little or no worth, and when somebody—and many did—expressed wonder that he should carry such a watch, said: "That watch was given me by a woman who did the most to mold and make my life. Who was she? A serving maid in my father's house, one who served God, and serving Him was wont to take a child who lived in a godless home upon her knee and teach him the way of righteousness and the way of peace." She went her way; she lived her life; she was buried humbly, no doubt; but she had her share in the rewards that were awaiting in the world to come.

The trellis on which the vine, heavy and luscious with its fruit, hangs is hidden. The more luscious the fruit, the larger the growth, the more heavy the trellis; but the trellis has its value too. And so the man, or woman, content to serve in his place, humbly if need be, shall not lose his reward. It is not a question of the what, but the why and the how. You remember the story of the boy and the angel, how the boy murmured at his lot because a street sweeper only, and how the angel prefers to change tasks with the boy, and the boy praises God in place of the angel, and the angel is content to take the sweeping place of the boy. It is not success, it is not achievement, it is sincere and honest effort upon which God gauges human life and by which he determines the rewards of the final hour.

Life in its beginnings has its important relations to every subsequent step. Life in its relations to the life to come is largely determined by youth and its joys. Disraeli has said that the history of greatness is the



history of youth. Give me a frivolous, careless, listless, lifeless, indefinite, undetermined youth, and I will show you without the gift of prophecy the joyless, the profitless, the poverty-stricken old age. Show me, on the other hand, a life that begins by dedicating itself to the service of God and humanity, and that life, though it be never so humble, will be a life crowned with joy here and a life crowned with God's blessing hereafter. I remember that when a child I was given my stint, and my father, much away, his coming home was anticipated by his children and watched for. If I had done my task I ran to meet him; if it was undone I wanted to have him find me at work. I have never myself preached as a sound of warning from that text which has sometimes been thundered as an arousing text, "Prepare to meet thy God," for I have been saying to myself that if it frightens a boy to be told that his father is coming, there is either some trouble with the boy or some trouble with the father, or both. But if the father's smiles and the boy's loyalty and service go together, it is the crown of toil to hear the father say, "Well done."

The sun hastens to its setting with us, one and all. It may go down while it is yet noon with some of you. It will not go down one hour too soon if you and I have done our best; and it may be in the morning, it may be in youth's bright, buoyant, blessed morning, but if that youth had been dedicated to the service of God it will start for eternity in the light of the eternal and heavenly life. My friends, Christ's life and ours lie over against each other. His the pattern, ours to follow it. You remember another that lies very close to it; it is the life of one who, dying, said: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Let us go back just a moment to see how it could be that one in prison, with the flash of the headsman's ax before him on the morrow, that one in prison could say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Do you remember that man, under a serene sky, when God's glory flashed upon his brain, who said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" That that was the man who afterward said concerning it, "I stopped not to confer with flesh and blood?" That that was the man who afterward said, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" Ah, my friends, there it is: "What wilt Thou have me to do?" "This one thing I do," and then let death come wheresoever or whensoever it may, it will find you robed and ready. Hear the Son of man as He said, "I must go and be killed." It was a

startling thing, so startling a thing that Peter said, "Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee." But he did not see what lay beyond—"I must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the scribes and elders and be killed." And what then? "And the third day arise again." Ah, the march of life that is to the stern drumbeat of duty, and that is actuated by supreme love to God, may lead to an early grave, but over the grave the angels watch while they hang the lantern of hope on its lintel, and of them God says, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels" Let us pray.

We commend ourselves to thee, our Father, who go forth from this hour not knowing what awaits us, knowing that somewhere in the path of life a grave will open before us, entering upon a week that possibly may end the career of some of us. We are not mindful to pray against it; we are not mindful to be careful about it. We are mindful to ask God that wheresoever the stern messenger comes to find us he may find us at our task, our God-given task, in faithful devotion to duty, waiting to hear thee say, "It is enough, come up higher." And beyond the meeting and the parting bring Thou us where we shall never part again, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## In Memoriam—Merritt Hulburt

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THIS little volume has been compiled at the request of many friends of the one to whose memory it is devoted—compiled by one to whom Merritt Hulburt was more than father, was his most confidential intimate and friend, with whom he lived in closest and most loving companionship until the summons came and found him ready for the higher life with God.

I think I need hardly apologize for taking upon myself the responsibility of preparing this volume, for it offers the only medium through which I can pay my own humble but loving tribute to the memory of one whom I miss more and more as the days go by, but whose life was and is so great a help and inspiration to me.

It is said, "No man is a hero to his valet," but no word of tribute or affectionate appreciation which his friends and fellows have uttered but finds its responsive chord within the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him most.

The circumstances attending his last illness will, doubtless, possess some interest for those who are not familiar with them.

On Saturday, October 3, he attended the exercises at the Ferris Reform School, a short distance outside of Wilmington, and returned to the parsonage complaining of severe chills and pain in the head; he was unable to preach on the following day, being confined to his bed. The physician pronounced it a case of *la grippe*, and the pains in the head were explained as attendant upon that multiform disease. On Wednesday he spent most of the day in a reclining chair, and, while suffering intensely at times, was able to dine with his family, though he saw no visitors. Thursday saw little improvement, and sedatives were administered for temporary relief; but Friday morning he seemed better, dressed and shaved himself, and led the morning devotions as he was accustomed to do in health. Not until Friday evening did his family feel any uneasiness over the progress of the disease; the symptoms were painful, but the physician advised us that they would depart as quickly as they had come. After retiring on Friday evening my father seemed to find some relief from

pain and lay for some time in a fitful slumber, rousing himself occasionally to ask the time or for his medicine. Our anxiety at this time was caused by his apparent ignorance as to the flight of time, rousing himself after dozing a few minutes to bid us "good morning." Our fears were somewhat allayed, however, by his finally falling into a sound sleep.

At one o'clock Saturday morning my mother was aroused by his stertorous breathing; the family was called and the physician summoned. We found my father unconscious, and his heavy breathing prepared us for the doctor's verdict, "Apoplexy." Respiration was encouraged and restorative measures applied in vain; we could not rouse him from his condition of unconsciousness. At about 7:30, at the suggestion of the doctor, we tried to rouse him, calling to him with words of tenderness and love, but he did not hear; there came no answering glance or pressure of the hand. At length I proposed a final effort, which was to use the call which since my childhood had been my father's signal to me—a very simple whistle, like that of the whip-poor-will, but never to be mistaken by either of us. The doctor consented, and I leaned over the bed and called him as I had under such different circumstances in the days gone by. The effect was magical; his eyes opened wide; he looked around, saying, "Where? Where?" until he saw me, and then reached out his hand, smiling as he did so. Then he asked, "Your mother and Anna, are they here?" When they had spoken to him I asked if he desired anything. He said he wished to lie on his right side, and on his being placed more comfortably his breathing seemed easier. In this position he was able to take some stimulant, which seemed to brighten him considerably. He asked concerning the arrangements for the morrow, which was the Sabbath, and was assured that it was provided for. He said to the doctor, "What about the heart action?" seeming to realize that there was the seat of the trouble. He talked of his love for us, and, after a pause, said, "Prepared." I said, "Do you mean that you are prepared?" He answered, "Yes."

At nine o'clock the physicians left, the specialist to return at night, and the family physician to be gone but half an hour. They were anticipating no immediate change, and simply directed that respiration be facilitated if necessary. They had hardly left the house when my father settled back, his eyes closed, and his breathing became more labored, he muttered something, I caught but the word "Welcome," and he was gone.

Looking upon that kindly face, now cold in death, it was hard to realize that the great heart which so often in tenderest sympathy suffered with those who sorrowed had ceased to beat; that the voice which had sounded

clarionlike the note of warning to wandering and erring men, or spoken tenderly the word of encouragement and invitation to the hopeless and despairing, was hushed to mortal ears forever; to feel that those hands, now lying cold and still, would never again in this world be extended in blessing or reached out in warm, loving greeting. The world offers small comfort, indeed, at such a time; but we are upheld by a faith which looks upward and with the eye of faith sees that "house of many mansions," and rests confidently upon the promises of Him who said, "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels."

As Canova's pupils deemed him most worthy of the beautiful tomb he had designed for another, so would I pay my parting tribute to the memory of Merritt Hulburt in his own words, a tribute he paid to the memory of one\* whose death was as sudden and startling as his own:

"And so it came to pass that every place where he had ministered has been enriched with the life of a man who was ministerial without being professional, manly without being brusque, saintly without sanctimoniousness, denominational without sectarianism, loyal to his own Church, while ready 'to form a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Jesus Christ.' While not seeking a personal following he has left none who knew him who are not his friends—who, standing around the spot whence he ascended, and 'sorrowing most of all that they shall see his face no more,' yet turn loyally to take up the work which he laid down, and work out the principles which he taught, as the best tribute they can pay to a devoted minister and faithful friend. We may not seek to penetrate the inscrutable wisdom which permits such a minister to be laid aside in what to all human seeming is the zenith of his splendid powers, or with clumsy fingers fumble at the combination on which it is locked, 'for His time and way are best;' but such a ministry does not, cannot die; it lives and thrills along the mystic chords of memory long after the voice is hushed; it lives in the lives of those whom it has turned to righteousness, in the homes it has brightened, the ignorance it has enlightened, the sorrows it has cheered; and so 'God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.'

"A splendid legacy he has left us. To his Church the memory of his services and sacrifices and the fruit of his labors; to the ministry the inspiration of his indefatigable zeal, indomitable courage, unvarying courtesy and Christian manliness; to his family an untarnished name, a place in the affections of thousands whom he helped, and who will love them for his sake as well as their own; and, best of all, an interest in the prayers

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\* Rev. John Peddie, D.D.

which he sent on before him to the Throne for their salvation, coupled with the promises of Him who said, 'Leave thy fatherless children unto me.'"

The day which saw Merritt Hulburd's body laid away in the tomb, to await the resurrection, would have seen him fifty-four years of age; we ask, and ask in vain the reason for it all, and it is only when we remember that "He doeth all things well" that we are satisfied to wait until all things are revealed, and "we know as we are known."

D. WENDELL HULBURD.

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